

# COLLIER'S

## ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

VOL THIRTY NO 3

NEW YORK OCTOBER 18 1902

PRICE TEN CENTS

PRESIDENT MITCHELL



STRIKING MINERS IN THE PENNSYLVANIA ANTHRACITE COAL REGIONS LISTENING TO A TALK BY PRESIDENT JOHN MITCHELL

A GREAT MASS MEETING OF ASSOCIATED MINERS NEAR SCRANTON BEING ADDRESSED BY JOHN MITCHELL, PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED MINE WORKERS' ASSOCIATION AND LEADER OF THE STRIKE OF NEARLY 150,000 MEN AGAINST THE COAL OPERATORS

(SEE PAGE 6)

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# COLLIER'S WEEKLY

Vol. XXX No. 3 SATURDAY, OCTOBER 18, 1902 Price 10c.

There are some important and excellent Special Numbers to be published between now and Christmas, at which time, by the way, we propose to get out the biggest and best Special Number ever attempted by any weekly periodical—or any other publication, for that matter. But of that, later. What we want to tell you about now is the

### Humor Number

which appears next week in a characteristic and beautifully printed colored cover by Frank Leyendecker. There will be twenty-eight pages of fun, not omitting, of course, the pictured news. The editorial page, for instance, has on this occasion been turned over to Mr. Dooley, who will comment upon the news of the day with his characteristic philosophy. Joel Chandler Harris contributes a poem, entitled "The Story of the Apple Tree," in which the fall of Adam and Eve is shown to have been in some respects due to their acquaintance with the "bumble-eye bee"; Madeline Bridges writes on "Woman's Sense of Humor"; Gustav Kobbé has collected the witty things the autumn theatres have offered, and Tom Masson writes a good dog story under the title of "The Other Point of View." Of course, there will be the regular instalment of "The Maids of Paradise," with a splendid illustration by Castaigne, and the usual number of columns devoted to feminine interests.

### Other Special Numbers

to follow the Humor Number are the Dramatic Number, on November 8, and the Thanksgiving Number, on November 22. The nature of each is indicated in the names, and both will be rich in characteristic material. We thought last year's Dramatic Number was pretty good, but we are going to outdo it this year. The cover is one of the best we have ever had. The contents will be announced later, but one of the features will be a story by Virginia Tracy, the well-known writer of stories of stage life, entitled "The Tameless Team," and the pictures for it have been made by Christy.

### Some Other Fiction

soon to appear in these pages is well worth looking forward to. We have collected a number of stories—short ones and long ones—from the best writers of the day, and most of these stories are as good as anything they have ever produced. For example, Rudyard Kipling's "The Captive," which is to appear in the Christmas Number, surpasses any of his earlier work in trenchant humor and keen insight into human nature.

When "The Maids of Paradise," the serial now running, has been completed—which will be in the issue of November 29—we shall begin a four-part story by Zangwill, called "The Serio-Comic Governess." This is a lively and extremely pleasant tale in Mr. Zangwill's quaintest vein of humor. Fancy the adventures of a governess who is leading a double life—the other being on the variety stage!

To follow the Governess is a narrative of an entirely different kind—"The Long Night," by Stanley J. Weyman, who takes us back into the days of plumed hats and ready rapiers. The opening chapters will be published in January and the serial will run for several months.

And while speaking of rapiers let us not forget that one of the best writers of fencing and duelling stories is Egerton Castle, whose "Bath Comedy" is still in the hands of countless readers. He has written especially for us a series of six stories laid in that eighteenth century period when Bath was the gayest place in all England. The title of the first is "My Rapier and My Daughter." All the tales are to be illustrated by Howard Pyle.

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# COLLIER'S WEEKLY

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**FOLLOWING THE FAILURE OF THE PRESIDENT IN** his attempt to induce the anthracite coal operators to make peace with the strikers the entire National Guard of Pennsylvania was ordered to the coal fields to protect the mines. Mr. Roosevelt, still intent upon averting a hard-coal famine, proposed to John Mitchell, president of the Miners' Union, that he order the strikers to return to work without further parley with the owners. In return for this sacrifice Mr. Roosevelt promised to appoint a commission "to investigate thoroughly all the matters at issue between the operators and the miners" and "to do all in his power to obtain a settlement of these questions in accordance with the report of the commission." The offer was declined by Mr. Mitchell. As we go to press, rumors are afloat of negotiations, and it is possible that an appeal will be made over the heads of Mr. Baer and his associates to the owners of the coal mines. We must believe that one of the many attempts to protect the nation against a vast calamity will be successful if we are to continue to believe in the resolution and good sense of the American people. Unconditional surrender cannot be expected from the presidents of the coal-carrying roads. The issues, to their view, are apparently so wrapped up in operating conditions of the future that the situation has gone beyond the limits of a purely local question of the miners' demands. To the thinking mind, on the recognition or non-recognition of the union, represented in the person of Mr. Mitchell, hinges a sociological question much more vast than the mere institution of contract relations between capital and organized labor. But this is by the way. It is a most noteworthy fact about this controversy that throughout the entire discussion courtesy and tolerance have marked the conduct of the representatives of the "ignorant workingmen." The presidents have not made a good impression on the public mind.

**SOMETHING PERHAPS MAY BE SAID IN PALLIATION** of the unyielding attitude of the presidents of the roads. They were doubtless selected, in the majority of cases at any rate, with regard to their assumed fitness for the position. They are also in "the business for money and not pleasure." But orders of owners may be so clumsily conceived and so faultily carried out as to defeat the purpose of those in power. And, in assuming an exaggerated notion of their own importance, these men may readily lose sight of real live issues. The railroad presidents have repeatedly asserted that they are not influenced one iota in their determination to stand out by the demands of the miners as individual employés, but they as emphatically assert that recognition of the miners as an organized body would mean disaster to their business interests. There is where the shoe pinches. The Associated Mine Workers, on the other hand—maybe unconsciously following the centralizing and consolidating influences of the times—have been brought to realize that in union there is strength. Both sides are paying for a principle. The unfortunate part of the whole miserable affair is that the public is paying also; and if the public continues in this silent partner business much longer it means death from cold, neglect and starvation; for "the public" means also the hospitals, the schools, public institutions and private families, the young and the old. Saint and sinner may well sing or chant in mournful chorus, "How long, O Lord, how long!"

**M**R. MORGAN APPARENTLY REALIZED THE PERIL in a coal famine, and did a characteristic thing in importing coal from Great Britain to be sold to the poor of New York. But who will provide for the wants of other communities not blessed with the possession of a bountiful millionaire? And who will supply coal to the people of moderate incomes and salaries who do not seek aid from Mr. Morgan or any other person, but who demand justice as a slight return for the benefits conferred on the owners of the coal properties by the laws and goodwill of the country? For the first time the indignation of this prudent, law-abiding class has been thoroughly aroused against capital, and it is not a feeling that will soon subside. The discussion of public ownership has been revived with a vigor that the most radical would not have dared to prophesy a year ago.

**T**HE FRENCH NATION FORGOT THE ANIMOSITIES aroused by the Dreyfus case and united in doing honor to the memory of Émile Zola. The eulogies were of course pitched too high. Zola was an honor to French literature, and the influence of his sombre genius was great and widespread. In industry and intentness of observation he was one of the marvels of the day, a patient, unhumorous literary

workman of a very high order. But his imagination had no broad range, and he lacked that power of selection which is the last test of the artist. These were the omissions that narrowed his work to the study of gross or morbid subjects, and that showed most plainly in "Fécondité," which was a triumph of dulness. He retrieved his fame in our part of the world by his clamorous defence of Dreyfus and his bold attack on the powers that rule the corner of the France that is most inviting to literary men. Dreyfus attended the funeral in spite of the protests of the author's family, who feared an outbreak of popular wrath. A meeker hero for a generous movement was never known.

**M**R. BALFOUR'S MINISTRY IS EXPERIENCING THE harassments that a weak and indolent Cabinet must expect in England or elsewhere. The Irish trouble is at its worst, and an ordinary Irish trouble is worse than any other; the discussion of the Education Bill has reached an embarrassing stage, and finally the old controversy over the state of the army has been revived in a familiar form by Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, late Chancellor of the Exchequer. The principal point in Sir Michael's indictment of the War Office is that officers are selected not by test of merit, but by social and other influences, which elevate the "smart" society man and repress all others. It is the fault of the system. At some time in the history of the world perhaps the effectiveness of an army was best insured by intrusting command to dandies from the clubs and favorites from the courts. England has long been the patient advocate of this policy. But the day of the Methuen's gone by. Men of good health and habits will no longer enlist as private soldiers in an army controlled by social caste, and earnest men seeking a career will not enter the higher ranks while promotion follows influence alone and has no relation to hard work and merit. In no other country in the world is the profession of arms so highly esteemed as a social privilege and so loftily ignored as a serious vocation. But the system itself is to blame. It will take more than the grumbling of the taxpayer and the jeremiads of an ex-Minister to break that down.

**T**HE REPUBLICANS OF NEW YORK STATE HAVE nominated Governor Odell, and appeal to the voters with a ringing endorsement of the President and a reaffirmation of the familiar principles of their party. The Democrats have put up Mr. Bird S. Coler of Brooklyn, and have included in their platform a demand for the public ownership of the anthracite coal mines. Mr. Coler was formerly Comptroller in New York. His family came from the West, and he is a recent entry to the field of politics. His associations have been respectable on the whole. He won the good opinion of the most intelligent section of his party by his opposition to Croker. As he is a lively campaigner and a skilful public speaker, it is likely that his canvass will be interesting. The Democrats base their hopes of success in New York on the discontent of the public with the arrogance of the money power, the defeat of Cuban reciprocity, the unsuccessful reform administration in New York, and the bad management of local issues by the Republicans. The Convention was dominated by ex-Senator Hill, who has become again the leader of his party in the State, and is now, of course, more than ever an active candidate for the Presidential nomination.

**T**HE FORMATION OF THE STEAMSHIP TRUST HAS been completed, and, so far as this can be guaranteed by a preponderance of influence in the board, the new organization will be directed by the American interests. It is announced, however, that an agreement has been made which will leave the English ships subject to a certain amount of control by the British Government. One of the advantages that the public will derive from the combination will be the daily arrival and departure of mail ships at New York. The disadvantages will, no doubt, make themselves manifest in the future. The financiers have not taken this extensive sea voyage for their health. It is said that an attempt will be made to bring up the Subsidy Bill at the next session of Congress.

**T**HE SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY HAS AROUSED much hostile criticism by a plan for the relief of the money market. A few weeks ago he seemed to be convinced that no real crisis existed outside of speculative circles in Wall Street. Loans for legitimate commercial uses were readily obtainable. In the Stock Exchange excessive speculation had dangerously tied up the funds of the banks and necessi-

tated a high rate for money on call. This was purely a Stock Exchange malady, curable by the usual purging method. But a few minutes' conversation with some of the most active plunger of the Street convinced Mr. Shaw that the danger was general. The remedy he proposed was certainly radical enough to meet the emergencies of a panic. He notified the banks that he would not proceed against them if they permitted their cash reserves on Treasury deposits to disappear, and that he would accept other security than United States bonds for the government's deposits. His plan is open to many objections. It is of doubtful legality and without precedent. It is unnecessary, according to the opinion of impartial authorities. It constitutes the first serious breach in the system of reserves which was created chiefly to protect the public and the government in times of panic. If the Secretary had resumed the refunding, abandoned for some reason by Secretary Gage, and had offered to buy government bonds at a reasonable price, he would have relieved the more immediate stress caused by the drain of gold into the Treasury, provided to some extent for future needs, and directly benefited his hobby for increased circulation. But he was in too much of a hurry to oblige "the Street," and the result is that he did nothing but create a bad precedent. Before Mr. Shaw went up to New York and fell among financiers there were rumors that he was to be asked to resign. They were premature.

**T**HAT VERY REMARKABLE MAN, WILLIAM BOOTH, commander-in-chief of the Salvation Army, is now in this country overlooking the work and prospects of the organization. He has been noisily welcomed by the gallant soldiers of both sexes. No one has been a greater friend of noise or a firmer believer in its efficacy as a means of decorous pleasure and a guide to the better life than General Booth. We are sure this courageous old soldier will be as warmly if not as vociferously welcomed by persons who have not enlisted in the "army" as by his own warriors. The general has lived down old prejudices here as in England. The army in America has undergone many changes of fortune. It emerged from a period in which it was generally scolded or abused into a second term in which it was extravagantly lauded. Now apparently it has settled down to a steady campaign against the Prince of Darkness, having at once disappointed the hatred of its early enemies and the enthusiastic expectations of its later friends. But it would be too much to expect it to keep up the pace at which it started. Human nature and the tambourines couldn't stand it.

**T**HE SECRETARY OF THE NAVY HAS MADE HIS estimates for 1904. They amount to \$82,426,000, which is four millions more than was appropriated last year. Secretary Long once asked for \$99,000,000. But he didn't get it. Mr. Moody's estimates are regarded by naval authorities as moderate, and in the present state of public feeling it is a waste of time to attempt to argue against progressive increases in our sea forces. There is no point upon which the man on the street has so completely made up his mind as the necessity of building up a "big navy," one that would permit us to hurl back defiance at the crowned heads of Europe. In this belief, we are bound to say, the amateur naval critic has the support of many conservative observers of politics in Europe. He surely has the sympathy of the President. There is no point upon which Mr. Roosevelt is more impatient of opposition. He is certain that only a great navy will save us from attack by one or another of the European powers, Germany being under most suspicion.

**A**LITERARY STATISTICIAN DISCOVERS IN THE fall announcements of the publishers a marked decrease in the number of works of fiction and a decided increase in books on serious subjects. Religion and Philosophy have made the most noteworthy advances, possibly in expectation of an increased demand for works on those subjects during the coal famine. The statistician does not attempt to explain the change in taste which the publishers have anticipated. Or is it true that the writers of fiction, having had a profitable season, in which many of them have grown enormously rich, are resting on their laurels and their royalties, and enjoying a well-earned relief from the strife of battle and the intrigue of courts? Considering the mass of fiction that has been turned out in the last few years, the public may well demand the consolations of religion and philosophy. Whether a good many of the new novels might not be properly catalogued as religion, philosophy, history or travel is a point upon which the statistician has not touched.



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## THE INSIDE HISTORY OF THE GREAT COAL STRIKE

By WALTER WELLMAN, Special Correspondent of Collier's Weekly in Washington

ONE OF THE MOST important conferences ever held in Washington was the meeting of the representatives of the coal companies and the miners with President Roosevelt and his advisers. It was in some respects most dramatic occurrence. For the first time in the history of the country the managers of great corporations and the leaders of a labor union met the President of the United States to talk over their differences face to face. If there was ever such a meeting in a foreign country in the presence of the head of the state it is not recorded in history. Here were men trained in business, sharp and shrewd, who came to the national capital in their special train of luxurious private cars and who rode to the temporary White House in carriages. Here also were the representatives of labor, men who had toiled most of their lives down in coal mines, uneducated men, of little experience in the world's affairs. These latter came to Washington in the smoking car of a night train, and trudged down Pennsylvania Avenue, their grips in their hands, stopping at a cheap hotel. They rode to the White House in street cars. But when they met in the President's private room in the temporary White House it was on a common level. One man was as good as another. And I say what I personally know to be the verdict of President Roosevelt and the eminent Cabinet Ministers who sat with him: In poise, balance, good sense, manners and spirit, the men of the pick and shovel outshone their opponents from the higher circles of business life.

### BEHIND THE SCENES

Those of us who have been behind the scenes of this memorable conference know that its full history is yet to be written. Words which were spoken and incidents which occurred—the flash of wit and passion and the efforts of some of the actors to retain their self-control—have not yet been properly depicted. Men who were witnesses of the debate tell me there were moments when they feared President Roosevelt might lose his temper. This was while the presidents of the coal railways were charging President Mitchell of the Miners' Union with direct responsibility for the crimes and violence which have occurred in the coal fields. Regardless of the truth of these charges, the President did not think that the proper place to make them. He had asked the members of the conference to leave all this outside the door. He was provoked that some of his guests should thus attack other guests of his, and his manner indicated only too plainly to those who know him well the effort which was required to restrain his natural impulse to interfere. He did restrain himself, so far as words go, and I have been told that he fixed his gaze upon the face of President Mitchell with a warning look. The black eyes of the chief of the miners were flashing fire, but he gained strength and endurance from the President and held his peace.

To the President's advisers, who sat watching him as he reclined in his rolling chair, his sore left leg propped high on pillows, there was another anxious moment. This was when one of the railway presidents went so far as to lecture the President as to his duty and to demand that he discharge it. The President of the United States is not accustomed to listen to such lectures, and Mr. Roosevelt's friends expected him to break forth in remonstrance. His face at this moment was a study. But with a great effort he mastered his feelings and maintained silence. Once indeed he did give vent to his amazement, and this was at the afternoon session when one of the railway men attempted to repeat something which the President had said in the morning.

"I did not say that," exclaimed Mr. Roosevelt in his high-pitched voice, his right hand shooting straight out at the speaker.

"But you did, Mr. President," replied the bold railway official. "At least we so understood you," he hastily added.

"I did not say it, and nothing that I did say could possibly bear that construction," retorted Mr. Roosevelt.

And then Secretary Cortelyou produced the stenographer's report of what the President had actually said, and of course the President was correct.

Almost from the first moment the President and his advisers saw that the conference was not likely to result in a settlement of the great problem. As soon as the railway presidents had displayed the spirit in which they had come to the meeting it was easily perceived that beneficial results were improbable so far as that day at least was concerned. In their private and business life these railway presidents are known as amiable and admirable gentlemen, but it was apparent they had come to Washington determined to be as disagreeable as they could. "They all abused John Mitchell, and some of them were insolent to President Roosevelt," said one of the members of the Cabinet to the writer. They not only abused Mitchell and charged him with responsibility for crime, but they pointblank refused to have any business dealings with him or his organization. It was upon this rock that the conference split. It early became very plain to the President and his advisers that the railway managers resented the interference of Mr. Roosevelt in the great strike. They called it "political meddling." They were angry when they left their homes to come to Washington, and they had not fully cooled down when they met the President and his Cabinet.

It has been from the first a favorite theory of these gentlemen that they should be permitted to fight out the battle without interference from politicians. They say they were compelled to surrender in 1900 and give the miners an increase of wages because the Republican party needed to have

the strike called off before election. They blame Senator Hanna for that interference, and correctly say that had it not been for Mr. Hanna's appeal to Mr. J. P. Morgan they would not have lost the contest. To have the politicians interfere again was more than their composure could bear. The railway presidents declared that if they were to yield to the strikers now at the behest of the politicians there would be another strike in 1904. The miners would embark regularly in the business of striking every time there is a Presidential or Congressional campaign on. For this reason they have all along thought it wise to fight the strikers to a finish, to make no concessions and to have nothing to do with arbitration or schemes of settlement brought forward by outsiders.

### WAR ON MITCHELL

It was in this spirit the corporation managers came to the conference at the temporary White House. They were as unyielding, as uncompromising here as they had been in New York. As every one knows, the conference came to naught, and it came to naught because the railway managers would not consent to have any dealings with John Mitchell or the union. Important negotiations have followed the White House conference, and these the daily newspapers have recorded from day to day. But when the warring elements came together in the presence of the President it was obvious that the railway presidents were moved by what

gan, at the instance of Senator Hanna, compelled the railway presidents to settle the strike of 1900, they did it without recognizing Mitchell. They simply posted notices at the mines to the effect that the men might go back to work at an increase of ten per cent in their wages. This year Mitchell wanted to effect some sort of an understanding with the presidents as to the future, and hence went to New York to see them.

The railway presidents refused to see Mr. Mitchell. They declined, either collectively or as individuals, to have anything to do with him. Thus rebuffed, Mr. Mitchell called one night at the apartments of George W. Perkins, of J. P. Morgan & Co., whom he had known in the West. He told Perkins of the pointblank refusal of the presidents to give him a hearing. Perkins asked what he wanted to see them about, and Mitchell told him. He wanted a general friendly talk over the situation. He wanted to be able to go back to the miners and tell them he had had an interview with the presidents. Even if nothing of a definite nature were accomplished, this conference would be taken as evidence that Mitchell was in a fair way to establish friendly relations with the chiefs of the corporations which absolutely control the anthracite industry, and in the end a joint conference might be agreed upon. Mr. Perkins thought this a reasonable attitude, and that the railway presidents ought to see Mr. Mitchell. Next morning he called upon the various presidents, explained the matter to them, and they reluctantly consented to see the representative of the miners. The presidents and Mitchell met, but the corporation men were distinctly cold and distant toward the leader of their employés. Nothing was accomplished, and little progress was made toward reaching that better and more cordial understanding which Mitchell had hoped for.

### THE OPERATORS' COMPLAINT

Shortly afterward the miners held a convention of regularly elected delegates and decided to present various demands upon their employers, amounting in the aggregate to a demand for a twenty per cent increase of wages. When these demands were presented, the railway presidents accused Mitchell of an act of bad faith. They said he had secured an audience with them on the plea that he had no demands to present, and had immediately turned round and broken his word. They were very angry. They lost or pretended to lose all faith in Mitchell as a man. They agreed that as long as there was a miners' union and Mitchell was at the head of it there would be trouble in the anthracite field. They determined then and there that they would fight Mitchell to the bitter end. It is here that we strike the true inwardness of the battle. The railway presidents were not fighting for money. It was not a matter of greed or of unwillingness to pay higher wages. It was simply a determination on their part to crush John Mitchell, a determination which had in no wise become softened when they met the President of the United States in the White House conference.

Of course, Mr. Mitchell has subsequently fully explained his conduct. He was very much surprised to learn that charges had been made against his good faith. At the time he was in New York seeking interviews with the railway managers, it was true he had no demands for increased wages to present. He hoped to arrange a joint conference at which all the differences between the miners and their employers might be adjusted. Had such a conference been arranged, probably there would have been no strike. Nor was it until some time afterward that he had authority to present a demand for an increase of wages, or until a convention of miners had framed such a demand and placed it in his hands to present to the companies. While he was in New York, endeavoring to arrange the joint conference, Mitchell believed that in the end the companies would be asked to grant a higher wage-scale, and he had not the slightest intention of deceiving any one. It is something new in business life to require a man to place all his cards face up on the table at the moment negotiations are begun, or afterward be charged with having acted in bad faith and opened the negotiations on false pretences.

Certainly it is a curious circumstance that such a trifling misunderstanding should have led to such tremendous results. But once they had turned against Mitchell and resolved to crush him, the railway presidents apparently became blinded to the real interests of the companies which they manage. It has cost them a pretty penny to carry on their battle. From animosity to Mitchell they easily passed to animosity toward his organization. The next step was that they would brook no outside interference. They would make no concessions, and they would not arbitrate. As the strike continued, their bitterness increased. It became a sort of fetish with them. They implored J. Pierpont Morgan to keep hands off, and let them fight it out, which Mr. Morgan did until after his return from Europe in August. Since then he has been trying to secure a settlement, but found the railway presidents so determined and stubborn that even he could not make much progress with them. Later they brought the same sort of influence to bear upon A. J. Cassatt, President of the Pennsylvania Railway, who has become a strong individual factor in the Reading property. And finally, when President Roosevelt asked them to a conference, they had to accept because an invitation from the President is a command. But they did not like it, and came to Washington determined to fight it out, and to show every one, the President included, that they were men who knew how to manage their own affairs and did not need any volunteer assistance.

Photograph by Clineland



President John Mitchell (in frock coat) on his way to the temporary White House at Washington, to take part in the Conference with President Roosevelt and the Coal Operators, Oct. 3

might almost be called personal animosity toward President Mitchell. At him they directed their heaviest batteries. Him they tried to hold up to obloquy as the leader of "a lawless organization" and an encourager of violence. They did not contend that they were unable to pay higher wages. They did not argue that the cost of mining coal is already as high as the industry can stand and thrive. So far as the argument appeared it was not a question of money or wages at all. The only questions which they raised were the alleged lawlessness of the miners and the impossibility of dealing with men who came with such a record behind them. Greater than their unwillingness to recognize the union appeared their hatred of John Mitchell.

This feeling of the managers of the anthracite corporations toward the chief of the miners' organization has from first to last played an important, almost a controlling, part in the strife. It is a curious story, a story of personal misunderstanding, of malice which grew and grew until it became almost a passion, and of the most serious industrial and social consequences following in the wake of what was at the outset a trivial affair which a few words spoken at the right moment and in the right spirit could easily have cleared away. In all the history of conflict between capital and labor in this country I doubt if there is record of another such episode. In what might be called the inside-history of the anthracite coal strike this personal affair, this almost childish misunderstanding, is of prime importance.

Last spring Mr. Mitchell appeared in New York. He wanted to have a conference with the presidents of the roads. His purpose was to cultivate friendly relations with them. It will be remembered that when J. Pierpont Mor-



Mr. Thomas, Mr. Wilcox and John Markie stopping in front of temporary White House

Mr. Baer and Mr. Truesdale in front of temporary White House. Mr. Baer is about to leave the carriage

## WHO IS AT FAULT?

As to where the merits of the controversy lie, it is probable that there is fault on both sides. The opinion of a man like Mr. Hanna is worth a good deal, for he is familiar with all the facts, and has sound judgment. He blames the presidents of the roads. He says the basic trouble is found in their unwillingness to consult with Mitchell. They tried to hold themselves as superior to him. He was only a common coal-miner, who had worked with his hands for fifteen years, and was now a labor agitator. Mr. Hanna thinks the presidents were arrogant and bigoted toward Mitchell. If they had been willing to come down to earth and act like modern men of business, recognizing conditions as they are, and not trying loftily to ignore forces whose existence they do not like, but which exist just the same, they might have arrived at a full understanding with Mitchell. There need have been no strike, no onerous increase of wages. In a few hours of sincere and friendly effort to arrive at an understanding the whole matter could have been amicably adjusted. But the railway presidents were not willing. They met Mitchell at all only under moral pressure. They never recognized him as an equal. They treated him so cavalierly that he was forced to go back to his men empty-handed, and then they became angry at him because the natural consequences of their own conduct swiftly followed.

Another strange phase of the anthracite strike is the reluctance of the coal companies to have anything to do with the union. The same men who said to President Roosevelt they would not have any dealings with John Mitchell, president of the United Mine Workers, do deal with and recognize the unions of the conductors, of the engineers, the firemen, the switchmen, the telegraph operators, on their railway lines. The miners' union is very much like these organizations, respectable, conservative, and fair. The same organization exists in the soft-coal fields, with the same officers at the head of it. Senator Hanna and many other coal-mine owners in the bituminous fields say they like the union, get along splendidly with it, and would not for anything have it disbanded. It helps them to handle the men, settle small differences, prevent local strikes, and secure stable conditions. Strikes are of rare occurrence in the coal fields where the owners meet in joint conference with the miners and agree upon wages and labor conditions. If the system works well in Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, and the soft-coal fields of Pennsylvania, Senator Hanna asks why will it not also work well in the anthracite region?

The railway presidents claim that since the miners of their region were organized there have been many local strikes of small proportions, not serious, but very annoying. Mitchell says that is true, and the way to cure the evil is for the owners to recognize the union, sign an agreement, and then the union will prevent these small strikes. "The anthracite mine owners are now getting all the disadvantages of having their labor organized," said Mr. Mitchell. "If they will do business with the organization on a frank and mutual basis, they can secure the advantages of such unions, which consist of peace and settled conditions."

The railway presidents have raised the objection that physical conditions of mines vary throughout the region. No two mines are alike. It is therefore impossible to arrange a general scale, applicable to all mines. Mitchell says he recognizes this difficulty, and proposes to meet it fairly by grouping the mines of like characteristics.

## THE ISSUE OF THE PRESIDENTS

The railway presidents claim they made an advance of ten per cent in wages in 1900 through political pressure, and that if they are to be "held up" every year or so for political reasons they may as well fight it out now and have it over with. "If we grant an increase now," they ask, "how do we know

that we shall not have to give another one in 1904, during the Presidential campaign?"

In answer to this, Mr. Mitchell says he is willing to sign an agreement covering a period of years. If the owners will adjust all the differences, he is willing to sign an agreement that will run past the next Presidential campaign, or for three years, four years or five years.

The railway presidents say the issue is simply whether they are to retain control of their own business or turn control over to labor agitators. But organized labor is demanding nothing more in the hard-coal field than is found in almost every trade and industry—an agreement on a scale of wages. If signing a wage agreement is surrendering control, then few employers retain management of their affairs.

Men like Hanna, and other students of the labor problem, say there can never be permanent peace in the anthracite field till the owners adopt the policy which most other coal-mine owners have found it necessary to adopt, to wit: Recognition of the national union, amicable arrangement with it through mutual conventions and agreements, getting the good out of unionism as well as the bad, and trying to make the former overbalance and outweigh the latter.

Senator Hanna and those who believe with him say the managers of the coal railroads are the last persons in the world who should object to a combination of employés to secure their interests. The railways tapping the anthracite field have been welded into one great combination through the genius of Mr. Morgan. All previous efforts to form a combination and stop the cutting of prices resulted in failure, but Mr. Morgan succeeded, and succeeded so completely that competition in the anthracite business is a thing of the past. The railways themselves directly mine about eighty per cent of all the coal. The remaining twenty per cent they buy of the so-called independent operators. The railroads take all this coal, haul it to market, and sell it along with their own, and give the operators sixty-five per cent of the proceeds. The result is that the railroads fix the price of all the coal produced by the region. There is no such thing as competition in the trade. There is but one seller. No producer of coal is in the market underbidding other producers in order to secure sales.

Every month the representatives of the coal railroads meet and fix prices. When once fixed these prices are adhered to. There are no discounts, there is no cutting. Under the old régime prices were thus nominally fixed, and every one proceeded to cut them in order to secure sales. But since Mr. Morgan took hold of the industry and worked out the present combination prices have been flat all the way through. The result is great prosperity in the coal trade. Moribund corporations are looking up. Stocks are rising in value. The Morganized roads control sixty-eight per cent of the entire output of the region. The Vanderbilt roads control most of the remainder. Practically speaking, there is no limit to the price which the men who control this great trade may put upon their coal. There is no competition. The railway presidents say they have to meet the competition of soft coal, and that the price of anthracite is regulated by the price of bituminous. This is true, and it isn't true. It is true as to some of the steam coal, where hard and soft do compete. It is not true as to the sizes used for domestic purposes, by long odds the heaviest part of the trade. Hard coal is a luxury, an absolute monopoly. Even as to steam coals, the competition is not sharp. Hard coal has a great advantage. It brings higher prices, and smoke ordinances favor its use in most cities. Broadly speaking, there is no competition against anthracite. The only competition is that of another and similar article used for like purposes. Soft coal is a competitor of hard just as cotton is of wool, and as corn meal is of wheat flour. If wheat is pushed absurdly high in price people will turn to corn, but not otherwise.

## ANTHRACITE A GOLD MINE

Broadly speaking, the managers of the anthracite industry can get what price they like for their product. Since Mr. Morgan organized the combination the average wholesale prices have been put up from less than \$3 to \$3.65 per ton. That was before the strike. The constant tendency of the price is upward. The policy of the management is to treat anthracite coal as a luxury and as a monopoly, which it is; further, to make the public pay about all the public will pay, because the supply is limited. The owners of the mines know almost to a ton how much coal they have down in the earth. Unlike the soft-coal mines, they can reckon to a year when the supply will become exhausted if a certain rate of production be followed. Hence the policy of getting high prices for a limited output rather than low prices for a much greater output.

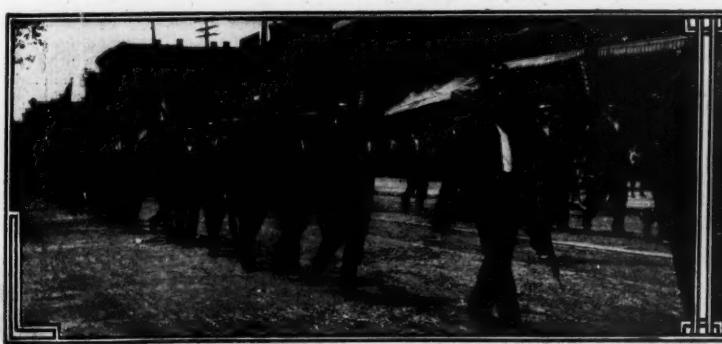
From the labor point of view an industry so peculiarly favored as this can well afford to give good pay to its men. As a matter of fact, wages are lower in the anthracite field than in the bituminous regions. The writer has visited and carefully investigated both, and finds the labor better paid in the soft-coal mines. Not only are the average wages per day a trifle better among the soft-coal workers, but the work is steadier. Deliberately the anthracite corporations have kept in their region nearly twice as many men as are needed to turn out the limited output the high prices which they insist upon charging will permit the public to consume. If the present demands of the anthracite miners were granted, their average earnings would be about equal to those of the soft-coal workers in West Virginia, Ohio and Illinois.

For these reasons Senator Hanna and others have insisted that the demand of the miners should have some attention. It is not generally known, but it is true, that during the conferences between Mr. Mitchell and the presidents and the Civic Federation Mr. Hanna was authorized to say that the miners would accept the equivalent of a five per cent increase of wages. This would have cost the producers the insignificant sum of three millions of dollars a year, a trifle in comparison with the conservatively estimated total profits of \$75,000,000 a year on the output of 55,000,000 tons.

At the risk of betraying some of the unpleasant secrets of this great strike I deem it my duty to record the fact that Senator Hanna has unmercifully scored the presidents of the roads. He declared he would not have one of them manage any business of his. He further said that if these men were not so short-sighted they would perceive that they could afford to spend a million dollars a year to keep John Mitchell in the presidency of the union rather than to have a conservative like him ousted and a radical elected to take his place.

In June the railway presidents gave out statements to the New York newspapers in which they declared the Civic Federation had done more harm than good in the coal strike, and intimating that Mr. Hanna would do better not to try to mix politics with labor questions. Senator Hanna was indignant. He called up George W. Perkins on the long-distance telephone. Perkins told Hanna not to mind what the railroad presidents were saying, to let it pass. "But I do mind, and I won't let it pass," replied Hanna. "Perkins, I want to serve notice on those men through you that if I ever see another line like that in the papers coming from them, I will go to New York, call a meeting of labor people at Cooper Union, and in a speech of an hour's length I'll give the full history of this coal strike. You know what that means."

George W. Perkins at once passed the word on to the presidents of the railroads, and from that day to this they have not uttered a word in criticism of Senator Hanna or the Civic Federation. A speech from Senator Hanna at Cooper Union, reviewing the inside history of the coal strike, would indeed create a sensation. Its context would follow quite closely the preceding narrative.



Procession of Italian Miners in honor of an American Flag made in Italy



Group of Coal Pickers digging Coal out of the Coal Pile



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## CAN A UNIVERSITY HELP ME TO EARN A LIVING?

By POULTNEY BIGELOW, M.A., F.R.G.S., Author of "White Man's Africa," "Children of the Nations," Etc.



Poultney Bigelow

**W**HAT SHALL we do with our boys? is the cry of many a distracted parent; and its echo is heard by every captain of industry who searches in vain for the men who can act as his lieutenants in the great army of industrial workers!

Talk to the owners of manufacturing establishments, to railway managers, to mining engineers, to bankers, to shipbuilders—you will find that all are seeking for men at high wages in order to develop schemes for making more money.

But they look in vain among the graduates of the most famous universities. These turn out theologues and pedagogues by the hundred—lawyers, idlers and scribblers by the thousand—but do they turn out the men who represent the vital force of the great Anglo-Saxon family to-day? Do we look to them to lead us in conquering new colonies and markets—it is from those institutions that the men come forth who solve the riddles of nature and push forward the electric chariot of the world's commerce?

This sort of argument was running through my mind as I strolled about Cornell University, at the centre of the State of New York, in the midst of a rich dairy and fruit country.

Here is a typical American university. It has some three thousand students, some three hundred of whom are women close to the marriageable age. The buildings speak eloquently for the wealth and generosity of the founder after whom the institution takes its name. The chapel has no peer for beauty of internal decoration, and though attendance is not compulsory, the students fill it each afternoon, when the organ proves a great attraction. The college stands a few hundred feet above a lake many miles long, where boating and sailing are prime attractions. Amid the splendid buildings rises a library whose huge and shapely tower is a landmark far and wide. The inner arrangement of this building leaves nothing to be desired. Whoever constructed it had evidently exhausted the experience of the British Museum and other institutions famed for facilities in this direction.

Cornell has all the usual classical courses—Latin, Greek, modern languages, higher mathematics, philosophy, theoretical science and the "ologies." The course is the usual four-year one, and the entrance examination is about the same as that of older institutions like Harvard, Yale, Princeton, etc.

### ABOUT PRACTICAL LEARNING

But side by side with this classical work, if I may use that much-abused word, there go courses of a practical, if not revolutionary, nature. These deserve to be watched, if not imitated, by our venerable seats of learning, that have hitherto acted on the principle that education meant the stowage of dead languages shaken down with a trifle of pure mathematics.

As I strolled about the quadrangle of Cornell, I noted a student carrying a dinner-pail of the kind used by day laborers. He was dressed in blue cotton overalls and altogether looked like a highly intelligent young mechanic—barring the fact that his collar and tie were faultless and his hair rather more carefully arranged than in the average machine shop. With a youthful, elastic tread, he swung ahead of me, and I followed full of curiosity. He entered a handsome building, the interior of which was crammed with machinery of every kind—all worked by students under the practical guidance of professors assisted by a few professional machinists.

I inquired about this young man and learned that his father was interested in railways and that therefore he was preparing himself to fill a responsible position by familiarizing himself with every bit of machinery likely to come under his notice later on.

On another occasion I met a wealthy manufacturer at Waterbury and asked him the secret of his success. He told me that his eyesight became impaired at about the time that he should have entered Yale, the orthodox university, and that he was much discouraged at the prospect of growing up a helpless member of the family.

He determined to learn metal-working from the beginning, and for that purpose entered his father's factory, received the wages current in the trade, kept the exact hours of the other men, was fined for every minute he was late, and—the result was, that after his five years of apprenticeship he knew every detail of that work better than any of his men and to-day has in his control an immense establishment whose men know that he knows what they ought to know—and thus he prospers.

But that wealthy manufacturer deplored to me the fact that his mechanical education had been too narrow—he had been shut off from the companionship of fellow-students, had been given scant time for general reading, let alone study, in the liberal sciences. He envied the men who had been able to gain their technical mastery while at the same time qualifying themselves as members of a community in which literary accomplishment counts for something.

At Cornell I found the student who carried his dinner-pail to the workshop on one day reciting, on the day following, in history, or higher mathematics, or physical geography—in short, that student was qualifying himself for the highest

prizes in the industrial field while at the same time acquiring the knowledge that would sweeten his hours of leisure by enabling him to commune with the best of his social circle.

### CONCERNING CORNELL

Cornell is one of the youngest of American colleges—founded in 1865—an infant in years compared with Harvard and Yale, each of whom has existed more than two centuries. But Cornell has had the courage to break away from hampering traditions and to regard the *university* as more than the refuge of the scholar.

She is practically supported by an endowment from private sources, but that endowment is inadequate to the work she seeks to do, and therefore she appeals successfully to the State Legislature for a grant—much after the manner of the British Museum.

For instance, Cornell regards the dairy, garden and orchard interests of the State of New York as peculiarly within her province, and each year she sends out among the farmers members of her faculty who superintend practical experiments to test the value of certain soils for certain products. The college has special short winter courses for young farmers who are unable to give more of the year.

These short courses do not, of course, qualify students for a degree, but they are invaluable as a means of bringing farmers in touch with scientific methods and as a means of raising the standard of agriculture throughout the community.

Professor Roberts, who heads the Agricultural Section, is the ideal man for such a charge. Throughout the State his name is synonymous with justice and benevolence, and no doubt much of the popularity of this university springs from the fatherly manner in which Professor Roberts meets the difficulties of his farmer pupils.

When we reflect that the dairy and fruit interests of New York represent a large and increasing export trade from the United States to Europe, we see at once that here is a college whose teachings have a direct bearing on the American invasion of Europe.

After leaving the machine shop I strolled over to another building where farmers were taught scientific dairy processes—the students were actually themselves making butter and cheese as part of a course of four years at the end of which they received a degree as Bachelor of the Science of Agriculture.

These young men do not necessarily go back to their farms in the State of New York, but they are in a position to fill important positions on large estates—and for some time, at least, there will be an ever-increasing demand for teachers in other American colleges where cognate courses are being developed.

There is a large farm belonging to the university, where cows, sheep and horses are kept, and where four years' rotation of crops is made—where, in short, a student can observe pretty much every phase of American agricultural life as it exists in the Northern States and Canada.

There was at one time a plausible fraud constantly practiced upon the British public, namely, an advertisement in the daily papers purporting to give sons of gentlemen an agricultural education in order to fit them for the Colonies. For this alleged education payment was asked, when every American knows that the same education could be secured on any American farm, not only without payment being exacted, but, on the contrary, the apprentice would be aside from strictly professional studies related to farming—such as veterinary surgery, forestry, entomology, geology, etc.—the student includes in his course free-hand drawing, botany, political economy, physiology, mathematics, hygiene, French, German, military drill and gymnasium, and he may also take civil and mechanical engineering at Cornell.

There are a few fees incidental to the full course. They need not be noticed, for they are so slight. For instance, a fee of five dollars on taking the degree and one of seven dollars and a half per term for the last two years.

In general, I am inclined to think that an English lad could to-day take a university course at Cornell, fit himself for the battle of life and at the same time spend his long holiday with his family at home and yet spend less money than in any English institution affording anything like a corresponding education.

The military drill referred to is compulsory only during the first two years of the course, and is of great value from the point of view of health.

### AMERICA'S MANY COLLEGES

I have limited myself in this cursory notice to Cornell alone—but this is perhaps unjust to other institutions further west. For the European, however, Cornell has perhaps the greatest interest because it is the nearest to the seaboard, being only seven hours by rail from New York. Cornell has at present a very strongly cosmopolitan representation among its undergraduates—I was told that pretty much every nation of the world had a representative, including the islands of the Pacific.

The president of Cornell, Mr. Schurman, is a Canadian by birth, a man of wide travel, of broad sympathies, of admirable administrative capacity, an author and teacher of the first rank. The college feels his touch and responds.

It may amuse and disconcert the European to see the long list of colleges and universities credited to America. And

even after discounting this list by rejecting a large number of those whose instruction is barely above the standard of an ordinary high school, there yet remains a very long list of universities whose attendance of students runs into the thousands and whose faculties represent a broad choice of department.

For instance, here are a few: Harvard, Yale, Princeton, Columbia, Johns Hopkins, Cornell, Ann Arbor (Michigan University), Chicago, Wisconsin, Minnesota.

Of these Harvard represents pre-eminently the literary and scholarly element of America—the school that has sent forth men of the Lowell, Emerson, Motley stamp.

Johns Hopkins represents more nearly the spirit of original research after the manner of a German university, with less reference to the aesthetic side of our life.

Yale may be said to appeal most strongly to Americans in active professional work—the successful and pushing lawyers, politicians, preachers and organizers of corporations.

These three tendencies of university life are well represented in the older part of the United States—in the original thirteen colonies. But there has grown up on the other side of the Alleghany Mountains a spirit which rebels against the old methods and which demands something good not only for the scholar and the man of wealth but for members of every craft who can pass the entrance examination.

This movement is after all merely a groping back to first principles. What was the university in which Plato and Socrates graduated! What is the law that insists upon our learning one thing and not another! The citizen of our Western States regards his university as a sort of universal provider that is bound to pour forth at short notice every form of knowledge that may be sought—from, calisthenics to Hebreus.

There are forty-five States in the American Union, and there is no reason why there should not be at least as many universities if only to supply the teachers required by the schools of the States, to say nothing of the medical, legal and theological fraternities.

The remarkable feature of the Western universities is the large number of students they have attracted without materially affecting the attendance at the older seats of learning. One reason for this is that a large proportion of Western students are too poor to afford the journey to the East, do not care to run the risk of failing at their entrance examination, and therefore attend their State institution. A graduating certificate from the State school fits one for the State university, where the fees are merely nominal to citizens of the State.

Then enters the consideration of great importance, that at the Western universities—of which I take Cornell as the prototype—the instruction is more in touch with the real needs of the people than at the older seats.

### UNIVERSITIES OF EAST AND WEST

The principal universities of Western America are largely, if not wholly, supported by grants of land made by government, or by legislative appropriation—I refer to strictly State universities so called, such as Wisconsin and Minnesota.

The universities of the Atlantic seaboard stand mainly upon private endowment and are subject to a board of trustees, who privately fail to keep in touch with popular progress.

Of late years a strenuous effort has been made by the colleges of the East to meet the Western competition by strengthening the practical or scientific side of their curricula; but the result would have been better had it come earlier. To-day the Western spirit has taken up the university question with vigor, and the faculties realize that they must keep in touch with popular ideals if they are to continue in receipt of public funds. The States are generous in this matter, each State seeking to rival its neighbor in the bounty and efficiency of its academic assets. In a rough way, we have here something of that rivalry which produced the many universities of Germany—the competition of neighboring princes.

A hopeful sign of the times is the fact that this extraordinary expansion of university work over territories which in my lifetime included wigwams of Red Indians represents no material lowering of standards. The work done by students in the West compares favorably with that done elsewhere in the States. Tuition may be low—it may be altogether remitted—but the mere cost of tuition is, after all, insignificant compared with the amount of time and energy which the student is compelled to surrender during years when he or she is capable of earning a good living at almost anything.

No one in America will make this sacrifice of time without being in earnest—and it is my opinion that the young men and women working in Western universities are characterized by enthusiastic effort and correctness of living.

My own experience is, of course, limited. I have lectured at the principal universities between Boston and the headwaters of the Mississippi, and sought to gather what light I could on this interesting theme. From what I was able to see myself, I cheerfully bear testimony to the high average intelligence, the enthusiastic spirit of inquiry, and above all the manly deportment of those with whom I came in contact. I would not like to draw invidious distinctions between my own Alma Mater, Yale, and seats of learning further West, but this much I may say without disloyalty no Western university that I have visited need fear comparison with the average of the older ones on the Atlantic coast.

## THE GREAT STRIKE OF THE ANTHRACITE COAL MINERS



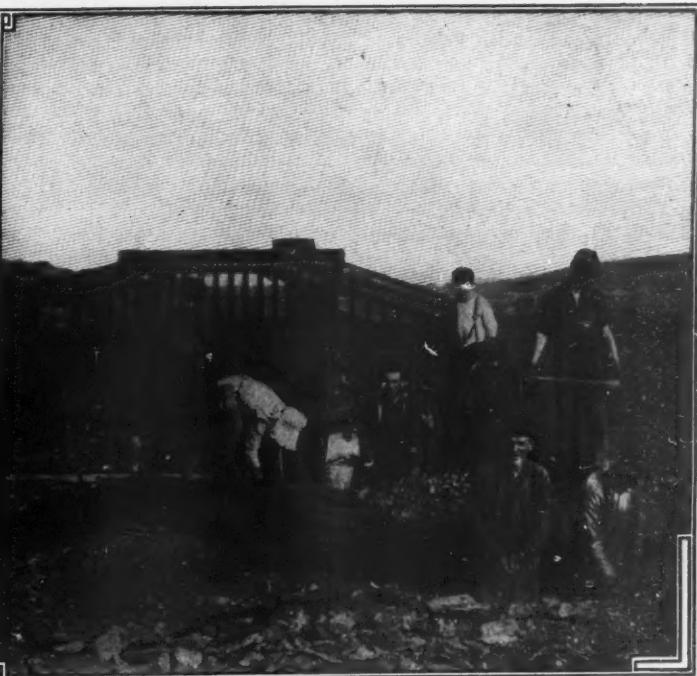
A Hungarian Miner's Farmhouse and Family



A Coal Picker working on his own "Lay"



At the Nottingham "Record" Coal-Breaker, near Wilkesbarre

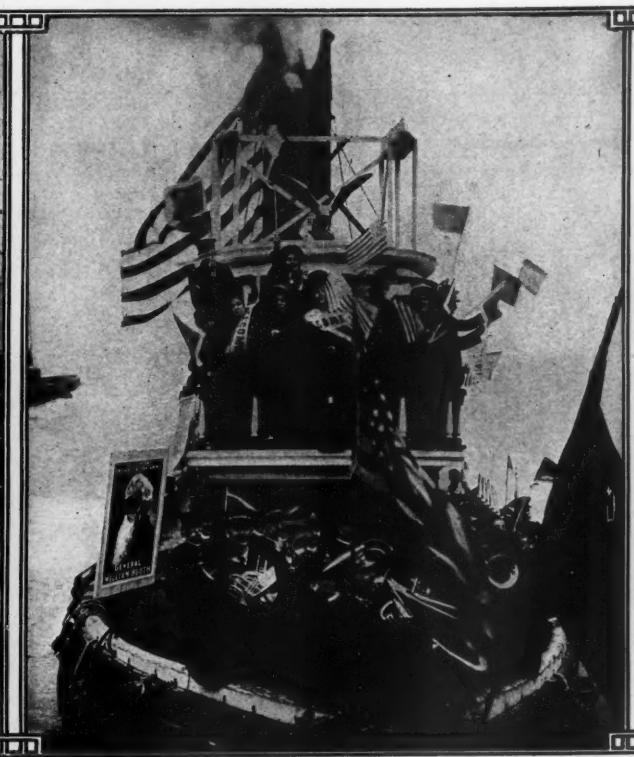


Men, Boys and Women picking Coal from a Culm Pile

## ARRIVAL OF THE SALVATION ARMY LEADER IN NEW YORK



General Booth responds to his Army's Welcome



Salvation Army Men and Women welcoming General Booth in New York Harbor



General Booth and Mr. and Mrs. Booth-Tucker

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General William Booth, patriarch and founder of the Salvation Army, arrived at New York October 4. A flotilla of tugs, containing a host of "Salvationists" with bands, met him off Ellis Island and welcomed him enthusiastically. This is his fourth visit to the United States and will probably be his last. The veteran General is now seventy-three years old. In New York City he addressed large audiences. General Booth hopes to traverse Europe, India and Japan to further his mighty work. In the past four years he has travelled 100,000 miles and delivered 1,500 addresses to 2,000,000 persons

## THE RECENT TROUBLE

CAPTAIN ANDREW ROSEHILL'S expedition to Marcus Island, though a failure so far as establishing his claim to the guano deposits of the island is concerned, resulted in securing a considerable amount of information about that little speck in the broad Pacific which has so suddenly become of international importance, because of Japan's enforced claim of ownership.

The schooner *Julia E. Whalen*, Captain Rosehill's vessel, carried two men of scientific attainments—William A. Bryan, the representative of the Bishop Museum, and T. F. Sedgwick of the United States Agricultural Station at Honolulu, who went as the chemist of the company that sent out the expedition. When the schooner reached Marcus Island it found a Japanese lieutenant and sixteen marines in possession, who had been left there by the Japanese cruiser *Kasagi*, which sailed from the island the day before the *Whalen* arrived. With the lieutenant was left a letter from the Japanese Government addressed to Captain Rosehill setting forth the history and claim of the Japanese to the island. There was also a letter from Minister Buck, advising that conflicting claims to the island be referred to diplomatic settlement.

The Japanese established on the island have built up quite



Japanese Residents of Marcus Island

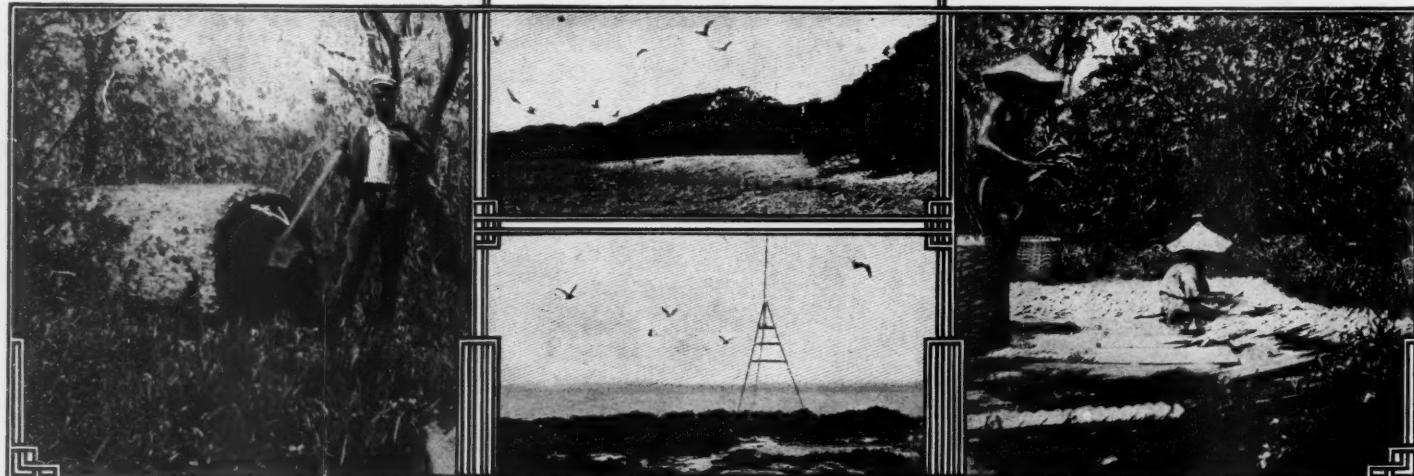
Where the Birds nest and the Guano deposits

## ON MARCUS ISLAND

a village and established a large trade in the feathers and plumage of birds, which are sent by the thousands to Paris and London for use in millinery and the arts. Considerable guano is also shipped to Japan, and much dried fish. Schooners from Japan visit the island regularly for these products.

Captain Rosehill's claim to the island rests on its discovery in December, 1864, by Captain Gelett in the missionary brig *Morning Star*, its rediscovery in 1868 by Captain Kitton in the ship *Davis Hoadley*, and his own visit to the island in June, 1889. At that time he raised the American flag and took possession of the island in the name of the United States. In addition, he built a house and left a member of his crew and his wife to hold possession until he could return. Captain Rosehill came at once to Honolulu, and through the American Minister, John L. Stevens, filed application for the island, under the guano island Act of Congress. Secretary of State James G. Blaine disallowed his claim.

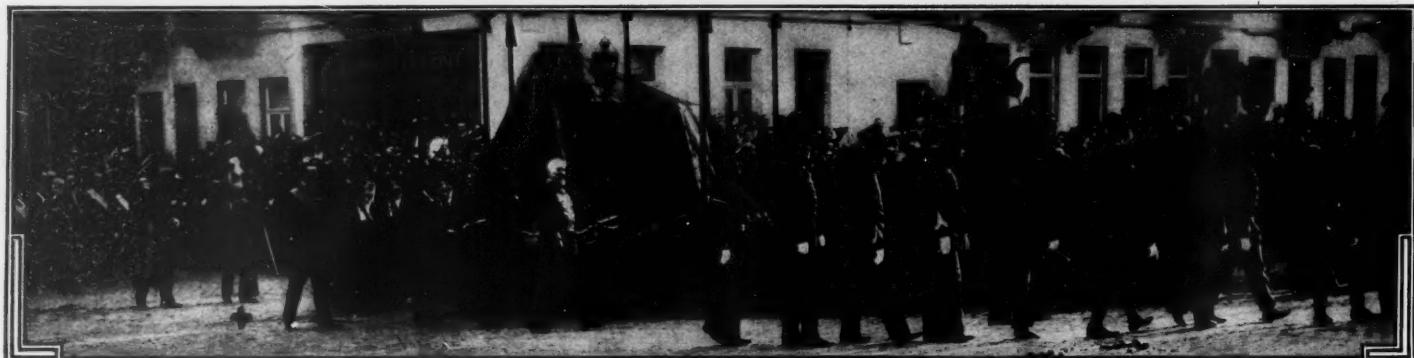
The Japanese claim that the island has been known to Japanese sailors from comparatively early times, and has been visited continually and almost regularly by Japanese fishermen and bird hunters since 1879.



A Sample of the big Island Trees

Japanese Appliance for mooring and loading Vessels

Japs Preparing Bird Skins for Market



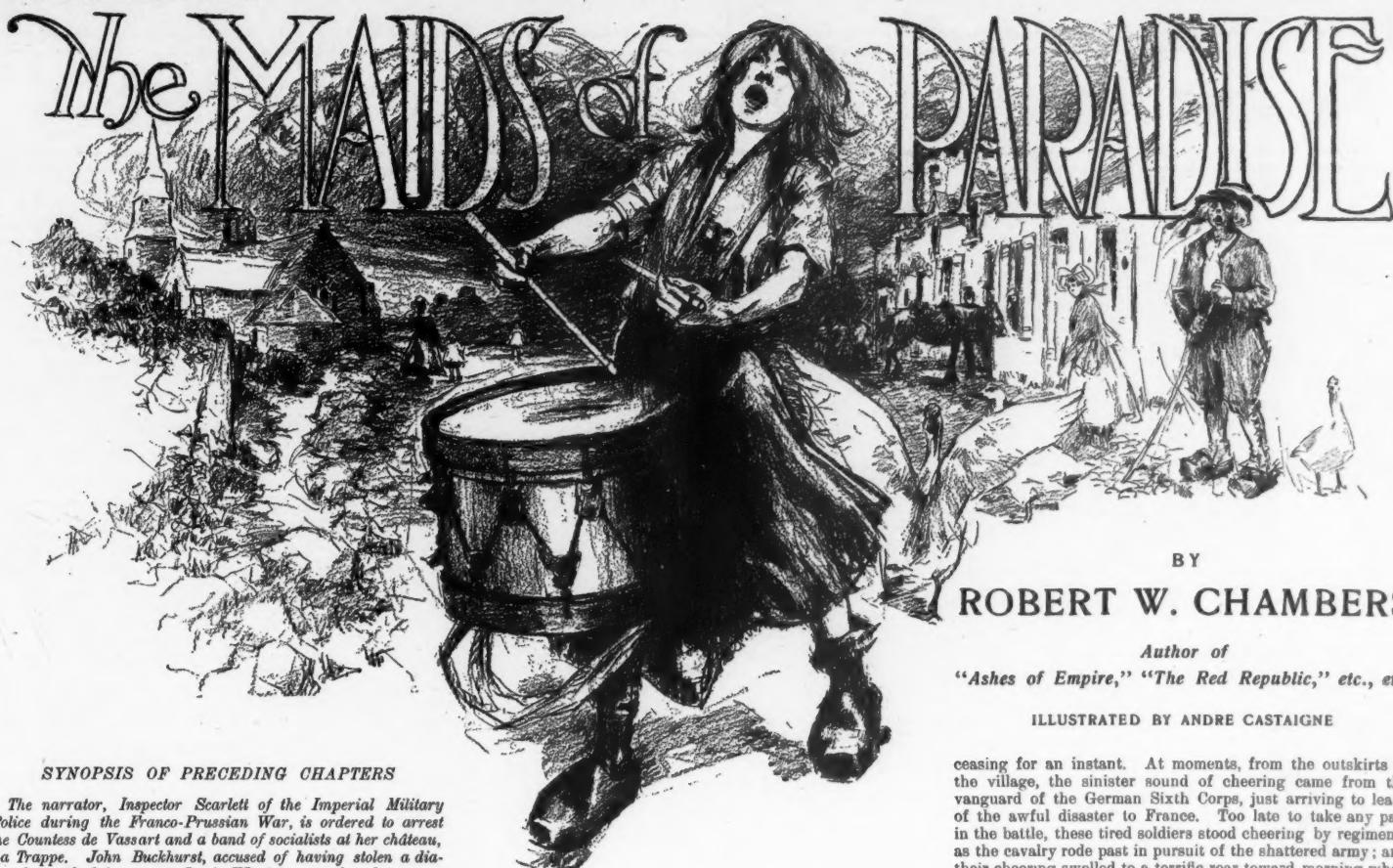
THE IMPOSING FUNERAL CORTEGE OF THE QUEEN OF THE BELGIANS, who was buried at Laeken, Brussels, September 22. The royal hearse is shown, with the King of the Belgians following immediately after

BIRD S. COLER

CHARLES N. BULGER



DELEGATES TO THE NEW YORK STATE DEMOCRATIC CONVENTION IN SESSION AT SARATOGA, OCTOBER 1, AND THE NOMINEES FOR GOVERNOR AND LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR



BY  
ROBERT W. CHAMBERS

*Author of  
"Ashes of Empire," "The Red Republic," etc., etc.*

ILLUSTRATED BY ANDRE CASTAIGNE

**SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS**

The narrator, Inspector Scarlett of the Imperial Military Police during the Franco-Prussian War, is ordered to arrest the Countess de Vassart and a band of socialists at her château, La Trappe. John Buckhurst, accused of having stolen a diamond crucifix belonging to Louis XI, is supposed to be among them. At La Trappe the countess and her friends are arrested by Scarlett. While signalling for gendarmes from the château roof the inspector loses his footing, but is saved from death by the presence of mind of the countess. Confident of Buckhurst's innocence, she reveals his hiding-place to Scarlett, who proves him to be a scoundrel "wanted" by the government. While awaiting the gendarmes Prussian uhlans attack the party. A conflict ensues during which Buckhurst escapes. Scarlett is wounded and with the countess is taken to the Prussian camp, where they are released. They journey to Morsbronn, where Scarlett undergoes an operation. When he regains consciousness he finds himself in the countess's house. That same day the Prussians assault and capture the town. The countess and her wounded guest witness the slaughter of the French cuirassier and lancer squadrons by the Prussian invaders.

**CHAPTER VI**

**The Game Begins**

THE ROOM in the turret was now swimming in smoke and lime dust; I could scarcely see the gray figure of the countess through the powder-mist which drifted in through shutters and loophole, dimming the fading daylight. In the street a dense pall of pungent vapor hung over roof and pavement, motionless in the calm August air; two houses were burning slowly, smothered in smoke; through a ruddy fog I saw the dead lying in mounds, the wounded moving feebly, the Prussian soldiery tossing straw into the hay-carts that had served their deadly purpose. But, oh, the dreadful murmur that filled the heavy air—the tremulous, ceaseless plaint which comes from strong, muscular creatures, tenuous of life, who are dying and who die hard!

Helmeted figures swarmed through the smoke; wagon after wagon, loaded deep with dead cavalrymen, was drawn away by heavy teams of horses now arriving from the regimental transport train which had come up and halted just at the entrance to the village.

And now wagon-loads of French wounded began to pass, jolting over crushed helmets, rifles, cuirasses and the carcasses of dead horses. A covey of uhlans entered the shambles, picking their way across the wreckage of the battle—a slim, wiry, fastidious company, dainty as spurred game-cocks with their helmet cords swinging like wattles and their shapskas tilted rakishly.

Then the sad cortège of prisoners formed in the smoke, the wounded leaning on their silent comrades, bandaged heads hanging; the others erect, defiant, supporting the crippled, or standing with arms folded and helmeted heads held high. And at last they started, between two files of mounted uhlans: Turcos, line infantrymen, gendarmes, lancers, and, towering head and shoulders above the others, the superb cuirassiers.

A German general and his smartly uniformed staff came clattering up the slippery street and halted to watch the prisoners file; and, as the first of the captive cuirassiers came abreast of the staff, the general stiffened in his saddle and raised his hand to his helmet, saying to his officers loud enough for me to hear: "Salute the brave, gentlemen!" And the silent, calm-eyed cuirassiers passed on, heads erect, uniforms in shreds, their battered armor foul with smoke and mud, spurs broken, scabbards empty.

Troops of captured horses, conducted by uhlans, followed the prisoners; then wagons piled high with rifles, sabres and saddles; then a company of uhlans cantering away with the shot-torn guidons of the cuirassiers. Last of all came the wounded in their straw-wadded wagons, escorted by infantry. I heard them coming before I saw them, and, sickened, I closed my ears with my hands, yet even the deep, monotonous groaning seemed to fill the room and vibrate through the falling shadows long after the last cart had creaked out of sight and hearing into the gathering haze of evening.

The deadened booming of cannon still came steadily from the west; and it needed no messenger to tell me that the First

Corps had been hurled back into Alsace and that MacMahon's army was in full retreat; that now the Rhine was open, and the passage of the Vosges was clear, and Strassbourg must stand siege and Belfort and Toul must man their battlements for a struggle that meant victory, or an Alsace doomed and a Lorraine lost to France forever.

The room had grown very dark—the loophole admitting but little of the smoky evening sunset. Some soldiers in the hallway outside finally lighted torches; red reflections danced over the torn ceiling and plaster-covered floor, illuminating a corner where the countess was sitting by the bedside, her head lying on the covers. How long she had been there I did not know, but when I spoke she raised her head and answered quietly.

In the torchlight her face was ghastly, her eyes red and dim, as she came over to me and looked out into the darkness. The woman was shaken terribly, shaken to the very soul. She had not seen all that I had seen; she had flinched before the spectacle of a butchery too awful to look upon. But she had seen enough—and she had heard enough to support or to confound theories formed through a young girl's brief, passionless, eventless life.

Under the window soldiers began shooting the crippled horses; the heavy flash and bang of rifles set her trembling again. Until the firing ceased she stood as though stupefied, scarcely breathing, her splendid hair glistening like molten copper in the torches' red glare.

A soldier came into the room and dragged the bedclothes from the bed, trailing them across the floor behind him as he departed. An officer, holding a lantern, peered through the door, his eyeglasses shining, his boots in his hand. He evidently had intended to get into the bed, but when his gaze fell upon us he withdrew in his stocking feet.

On the stairs, soldiers were eating hunches of stale bread, and knocking the necks from wine bottles with their bayonets. One lumpish fellow came to the door and offered me part of a sausage which he was devouring—a kindly act that touched me; and I wondered whether the other prisoners might find among their uhlans guards the same humanity that moved this half-famished yokel to offer me the food he was gnawing.

Soldiers began to come and go in the room; some carried off chairs for officers below, some took the pillows from the bed, one bore away a desk on his broad shoulders.

The countess never moved nor spoke.

The evening had grown chilly; I was cold to my knees. A soldier offered to build me a fire in the great stone fireplace behind me, and, when I assented, he calmly smashed a chair to kindling-wood, wrenched off the heavy posts of the bed, and started a fire which lighted up the wrecked room with its crimson glare.

The countess rose and looked around. The soldier pushed my long chair to the blaze, tore down the canopy over the bed and flung it over me, stolidly ignoring my protests. Then he clumped out with his muddy boots and shut the door behind him.

For a long while I lay there, full in the heat of the fire, half dozing, then sleeping, then suddenly alert, only to look about me to see the countess with eyes closed, motionless in her armchair—only to hear the muffled thunder of the guns in the dark.

Once again, having slept, I roused, listening. The crackle of the flames was all I heard; the cannon were silent. A few moments later the clock in the room struck nine times; and, at the same instant, a deadened cannon-shot echoed the clamor of the clock. It was the last shot of the battle; and when the dull reverberations had died away, Alsace was a lost province, MacMahon's army was in full retreat, leaving on the three battlefields of Woerth, Reichshoffen and Froeschwiller sixteen thousand dead, wounded and missing soldiers of France.

All night long I heard cavalry traversing Morsbronn in an unbroken column, the steady trample of their horses never

ceasing for an instant. At moments, from the outskirts of the village, the sinister sound of cheering came from the vanguard of the German Sixth Corps, just arriving to learn of the awful disaster to France. Too late to take any part in the battle, these tired soldiers stood cheering by regiments as the cavalry rode past in pursuit of the shattered army; and their cheering swelled to a terrific roar toward morning when the Prince Royal of Prussia appeared with his staff; and the soldiers in Morsbronn rushed out into the street bellowing, "Hoch soll er leben! Er soll leben—Hoch!"

About seven o'clock that morning a gaunt, leather-faced Prussian officer, immaculate in his sombre uniform, entered the room without knocking. The young countess turned in the depths of her chair. He bowed to her slightly, unfolded a printed sheet of paper which bore the arms of Prussia, hesitated, then said, looking directly at me:

"Morsbronn is now German territory and will continue to be governed by military law, proclaimed under the state of siege, until the country is properly pacified. Honest inhabitants will not be disturbed. Citizens are invited to return to their homes and peacefully continue their legitimate avocations, subject to, and under the guarantee of, the Prussian military government. Monsieur, I have the honor to hand you a copy of the regulations. I am the provost-marshal; all complaints should be brought to me."

I took the printed sheet and looked at the Prussian coat-of-arms.

"A list of the inhabitants of Morsbronn will be made today. You will have the goodness to declare yourself—and you also, madame. There being other buildings better fitted, no soldier will be quartered in this house."

The officer evidently mistook me for the owner of the house and not a prisoner. A blanket hid my hussar trousers and boots; he could only see my ragged shirt.

"And now, madame," he continued, "as monsieur appears to need the services of a physician, I shall send him a French doctor, brought in this morning from the Château de la Trappe. I wish him to get well; wish the inhabitants of my district to return to their homes and resume the interrupted régimes which have made this province of Alsace so valuable to France. I wish Morsbronn to prosper; I wish it well. This is the German policy. But, monsieur, let me speak plainly: I tolerate no treachery. The law is iron and will be applied with rigor. An inhabitant of my district who deceives me, or who commits an offence against the troops under my command, or who in any manner holds or attempts to hold communication with the enemy, will be shot without court-martial."

He turned his grim, inflexible face to the countess and bowed; then he bowed to me, swung squarely on his heel and walked to the door. "Admit the French doctor," he said to the soldier on guard, and marched out, his curved sabre banging behind his spurred heels.

"It must be Dr. Delmont!" I said, looking at the countess as there came a low knock at the door.

"I am very thankful!" she said, her voice almost breaking. She rose unsteadily from her chair; somebody entered the room behind me and I turned, calling out, "Welcome, doctor!"

"Thank you," replied the calm voice of John Buckhurst at my elbow.

The countess shrank aside as Buckhurst coolly passed before her, turned his slim back to the embers of the fire and fixed his eyes on me—those pale, slow eyes, passionless as death.

He was a type of criminal I had never until recently known. Small of hand and foot—too small even for such a slender man—clean shaven, colorless in hair, skin, lips, he challenged instant attention by the very monotony of his bloodless symmetry. There was nothing of positive evil in his face, nothing of impulse, good or bad, nothing even superficially human. His spotless linen, his neat sack-coat and trousers of gray, seemed part of him—like a loose outer skin. There was in his ensemble nothing to disturb the negative harmony, save, perhaps, an abnormal flatness of the instep and hands.

"My friend," he observed in English, "do you think you will know me again when you have finished your scrutiny?"

The countess, face averted, passed behind my chair.

"Wait," said Buckhurst; and, turning directly to me, he added: "You were mistaken for a hussar at La Trappe; you were mistaken here for a hussar as long as the squad holding



## THE MAIDS OF PARADISE



this house remained in Morsbronn. A few moments ago the provost mistook you for a civilian." He looked across at the countess, who already stood with her hand on the door-knob. "If you disturb me," he said, "I have only to tell the provost the truth. Members of the Imperial Police caught without proper uniform inside German lines are shot, séance tenante."

The countess stood perfectly still a moment, then came straight to me. "Is that true?" she asked.

"Yes," I said.

She still leaned forward, looking down into my face. Then she turned to Buckhurst. "Do you want money?" she asked.

"I want a chair—and your attention for the present," he replied, and seated himself.

The printed copy of the rules, handed me by the provost-marshall, lay on the floor. Buckhurst picked up the sheet, glanced at the Prussian eagle and thoughtfully began rolling the paper into a grotesque shape. "Sit down, madame," he said, without raising his eyes from the bit of paper which he had now fashioned into a cocked hat.

After a moment's silent hesitation, the countess drew a small gilt chair beside my sofa-chair and sat down; and again that brave, unconscious gesture of protection left her steady hand lying lightly on my arm.

Buckhurst noted the gesture. And all at once I divined that whatever plan he had come to execute had been suddenly changed. He looked down at the paper in his hands, gave it a thoughtful twist, and, drawing the ends out, produced a miniature paper boat. "We are all in one like that," he observed, holding it up without apparent interest. He glanced at the young countess; her face was expressionless. "Madame," said Buckhurst in his peculiarly soft and persuasive voice, "I am not here to betray this gentleman; I am not here even to justify myself. I came here to make reparation; to ask your forgiveness, madame, for the wrong I have done you; and to deliver myself, if necessary, into the hands of the proper authorities in expiation of my misguided zeal."

The countess was looking at him now; he fumbled with the paper boat, gave it an unconscious twist and produced a tiny paper box.

"The cause," he said gently, "to which I have devoted my life must not suffer through the mistake of a fanatic—for, in the cause of universal brotherhood, I am perhaps a fanatic—and, to aid that cause, I have gravely compromised myself. I came here to expiate that folly, and to throw myself upon your mercy, madame."

"I do not exactly understand," said I, "how you can ex-piate a crime here."

"I can at least make restitution," he said, turning the paper box over and over between his flat fingers.

"Have you brought me the diamonds which belong to the State?" I inquired, amused.

"Yes," he said; and, to my astonishment, he drew a small leather pouch from his pocket and laid it on my blanket-covered knees. "How many diamonds were there?" he asked.

"One hundred and three," I replied incredulously, and opened the leather pouch. Inside was a bag of chamois-skin. This I stretched wide and emptied. Scores of little balls of tissue-paper rolled out on the blanket over my knees. I opened one; it contained a diamond. I opened another, another, and another; diamonds lay blazing on my blanket, a whole handful, glittering in undimmed splendor.

"Count them," murmured Buckhurst, fashioning the paper box into a fly-trap with a lid.

With a quick movement I swept them into my hands, then one by one dropped the stones while I counted aloud one hundred and two diamonds. The one-hundred-and-third jewel was, of course, safe, in Paris.

When I had a second time finished the enumeration, I leaned back in my chair, utterly at a loss to account for this man or for what he had done. As far as I could see, there was no logic in it, nothing demonstrated, nothing proved. To me—and I am not either suspicious or obstinate by nature—Buckhurst was still an unrepentant thief and a dangerous one. I could see in him absolutely nothing of the fanatic, of the generous, feather-headed devotee, nothing of the hasty disciple or the impulsive martyr. In my eyes he continued to be the passionless master criminal, the cold, slow-eyed source of hidden evil, the designer of an intricate and viewless intrigue against the State. His head remained bent over the paper toy in his hands. Was his hair gray with age, or excesses—or was it only colorless like the rest of his exterior?

"Restitution is not expiation," he said sadly, without looking up. "I loved the cause; I love it still. I practiced the deception, and I am here to ask this gentle lady to forgive me for an unworthy yet unselfish use of her money, and her hospitality. If she can pardon me, I welcome whatever punishment may be meted out."

The countess dropped her elbow on the arm of my chair and rested her face in her hand.

"Swept away by my passion for the cause of universal brotherhood," said Buckhurst in his low, caressing voice, "I ventured to spend this generous lady's money to carry the propaganda into the more violent centres of socialism—into the clubs in Montmartre and Belleville. There I urged non-resistance; I pleaded moderation and patience. What I said helped a little, I think—" He hesitated, twisting his fly-box into a paper creature with four legs. "I was eager; people listened. I thought that if I had a little more money I might carry on this work. . . . I could not come to you, madame—"

"Why not?" said the countess, looking at him quickly. "I have never refused you money."

"No," he said, "you never refused me. But I knew that La Trappe was mortgaged, that even this house in Morsbronn was loaded with debt; I knew, madame, that in all the world you had left but one small roof to cover you—the house in Morbihan on Point Paradise. I knew that if I asked for money you would sell Paradise . . . and I could not ask so much . . . I could not bring myself to ask that sacrifice."

"And so you stole the crucifix of Louis XI.," I suggested pleasantly.

He did not look up at me, but the countess did.

"Bon," I thought, watching Buckhurst's deft fingers, "he means to be taken back into grace. I wonder exactly why? And . . . is it worth this fortune in diamonds to him to be pardoned by a penniless girl whom he and his gang have already stripped?"

"Could you forgive me, madame?" murmured Buckhurst.

"Would you explain that stick of dynamite first?" I interposed.

The countess turned and looked directly at Buckhurst. He sat with humble head bowed, nimly constructing a paper bird.

"That was not dynamite; it was concentrated phosphorus," he said without resentment. "Naturally it burned when you lit it; but if you had not burned it I could easily have shown madame la comtesse what it really was."

"I also," said I, "if I had thrown it at your feet, Mr. Buckhurst."

"Do you not believe me?" he asked meekly, looking up at the countess.

"Mr. Buckhurst," said the young countess, turning to me, "has aided me for a long time in experiments. We hoped to find some cheap method of restoring nitrogen and phosphorus to the worn-out soil which our poor peasants till. Why should you doubt that he speaks the truth? At least he is guiltless of any connection with the party which advocated violence."

I looked at Buckhurst. He was engaged in constructing a multi-pointed paper star. What else was he busy with? Perhaps I might learn if I ceased to manifest distrust. "Does concentrated phosphorus burn like—dynamite?" I asked, as if with newly aroused interest.

"Did you not know it?" he said warily.

But was he deceived by my manner? Was that the way for me to learn anything?

There was, perhaps, another way. Clearly this extraordinary man depended upon his persuasive eloquence for his living, for the very shoes on his little flat feet—as do all such chevaliers of industry. If he would only begin to argue—if I could only induce him to try his eloquence on me, and if I could convince him that I myself was but an ignorant, self-centred, bullet-headed gendarme, doing my duty only because of prospective advancement—ready, perhaps, to take bribes—perhaps even weakly, covetously, credulously—well, perhaps I might possibly learn why he desired to cling to this poor young lady whose life had evidently gone dreadfully to smash to land her among such a crew of thieves and lunatics.

"Mr. Buckhurst," I said pompously, "in bringing these diamonds to me you have certainly done all in your power to repair an injury which concerned all France. As I am situated, of course I cannot now ask you to accompany me to Paris, where, doubtless, the proper authorities would gladly admit extenuating circumstances and credit you with sincere repentance. But I put you on your honor to sur-rende at the first opportunity."

It was as stupidly trite a speech as I could think of. Buckhurst glanced up at me. Was he taking my measure anew, judging me from my bray?

"I could easily aid you to leave Morsbronn," he said stealthily.

"Oho," thought I, "so you're a German agent, too, as I suspected!" But I said aloud, simulating astonishment, "Do you mean to say, Mr. Buckhurst, that you would deliberately risk death to aid a police officer to bring you before a military tribunal in Paris?"

"I do not desire to pose as a hero or a martyr," he said quietly, "but I regret what I have done and I will do what an honest man can do to make the fullest reparation—even if it means my death."

I gazed at him in admiration—real admiration, because the gross bathos he had just uttered betrayed a weakness—vanity! Now I began to understand him; vanity must also lead him to undervalue men. True, with the faintest approach to eloquence he could no doubt hold the "clubs" of Belleville spell-bound; with self-effacing adroitness to cover stealthy persuasion, he had probably found little difficulty in dominating this inexperienced girl, who, touched to the soul with pity for human woe, had flung herself and her fortune to the howling proletariat. But that he should so serenely undervalue me at my first bray was more than I hoped for. So I brayed again—the good old sentimental bray, for which, all Gallic lungs are so marvellously fashioned.

"Monsieur, such sentiments honor you. I am only a rough soldier of the Imperial Police, but I am profoundly moved to find among the leaders of the proletariat such delicate and chivalrous emotions—" I hesitated. Was I butting the sop too thickly?

Buckhurst, eyes bent on the floor, began picking to pieces his paper toy. Presently he looked up—not at me, but at the countess, who sat with hands clasped, earnestly watching him. "If—if the State pardons me, can . . . you?" he murmured.

She looked at him with intense earnestness; I saw he was sailing on the wrong tack. "I have nothing to pardon," she said gravely; "but I must tell you the truth, Mr. Buckhurst . . . I cannot forget . . . what you have done. It was something . . . the one thing that I cannot understand—that I can never understand—something so absolutely alien to me that it—somehow—leaves me stunned. Don't ask me to forget it . . . I cannot. I do not mean to be harsh and cruel, or to condemn you. Even if you had taken the jewels from me, and had asked my forgiveness, I would have given it freely. But . . . I could not be as I was . . . a comrade to you."

There was a silence. The countess, looking perfectly miserable, still gazed at Buckhurst. He dropped his gray, symmetrical head, yet I felt that he was listening to every minute sound in the room.

"You must not care what I say," she said; "I am only an unhappy woman, unused to the liberty I have given myself—not yet habituated to the charity of those blameless hearts which forgive . . . everything! . . . I am a novice . . . groping my way into new and vast world—a limitless, generous, forgiving commune, where love alone dominates. . . .

And if I had lived among my brothers long enough to be purged of those traditions which I have drawn from generations—I might now be noble enough and wise enough to say I do forgive and forget that you—"

"That you were once a thief," I ended, with the genial consciousness of the hopelessly fat-minded.

In the stillness I heard Buckhurst draw in his breath—once. Some day he would try to kill me for that; in the meantime my crass stupidity was no longer a question in his mind. I had hurt the countess, too, with what she must have believed a fool's needless brutality. But it had to be so if I played at Jacques Bonhomme. So I put the finishing whine to it: "Our Lord died between two thieves" . . . and relapsed into virtuous contemplation of my finger-tips.

"Madame," said Buckhurst in a low voice, "your contempt of me is part of my penalty. I must endure it . . . I shall not complain. But I shall try to live a life that will at least show you my deep sincerity."

"I do not doubt it," said the countess earnestly. "Don't think that I mean to turn away from you, or to push you away. There is nothing of the Pharisee in me . . . I would gladly trust you with what I have . . . I will consult you and advise with you, Mr. Buckhurst—"

"And . . . despise me."

The unhappy countess looked at me. It goes hard with a woman when her guide and mentor fails.

"If you return to Paradise in Morbihan . . . as we had planned . . . may I go?" he asked humbly—"only as an obscure worker in the cause? I beg, madame, that you will not cast me off."

So he wanted to go to Morbihan—to the village of Paradise? Why?

The countess said: "I welcome all who care for the cause. You will never hear an unkind word from me if you desire to resume the work in Paradise. Dr. Delmont will be there; Monsieur Tavernier, also, I hope; and they are older and wiser than I, and they have reached that lofty serenity which is far above my troubled mind. Ask them what you have asked me; they are equipped to answer you."

It was time for another discord from me; so I said, "Madame, you have seen a thousand men lay down their lives for France. Has it not shaken your allegiance to that blank ghost of patriotism which you call the International?"

Here was food for thought—or, rather, fodder for asse—  
the Police Oracle turned missionary under the nose of the most cunning criminal in France—and the vainest. Of course, Buckhurst's contempt for me at once passed all bounds; and, secure in that contempt, he felt it scarcely worth while to use his favorite weapon, persuasion. Still, if the occasion should require it, he was quite ready, I knew, to loose his eloquence on the countess and on me, too.

The countess turned her troubled eyes to me. "What I have seen, what I have thought, since yesterday, has distressed me dreadfully," she said. "I have tried to include all the world in a broader pity, a broader, higher and less selfish love than the jealous, single-minded love for one country—"

"The motherland," I said; and Buckhurst looked up, adding: "The world is the true motherland." Whereupon I appeared profoundly impressed at such a novel and epigrammatic view.

"There is much to be argued on both sides," said the young countess, "but I am utterly unfit to struggle with this new code of ethics. If it had been different—if I had been born among the poor, in misery!—But you see I come, a pilgrim among the proletariat, clothed in conservatism, cloaked with tradition; and if at heart I burn with sorrow for the miserable, and if I gladly give what I have to help, I cannot with a single gesture throw off those inherited garments, though they tortured my body like the garment of Nessus."

I did not smile nor respect her less for the stilted phrases, the pathetic poverty of metaphor. Profoundly troubled, struggling with a reserve the borders of which she strove so bravely to cross, her distress touched me the more because I knew it aroused the uneasy contempt of Buckhurst. Yet I could not spare her.

"You saw the cuirassiers die in the street below," I repeated, with the obstinacy of a limited intellect.

"Yes—and my heart went out to them," she replied with an emphasis that pleased me and startled Buckhurst.

Buckhurst began to speak, but I cut him short: "Then, madame, if your heart went out to the soldiers of France—it went out to France, too!"

"Yes—to France," she repeated; and I saw her lip begin to quiver.

"Wherein does love for France conflict with our creed, madame?" asked Buckhurst gently. "It is only hate that we abjure."

She turned her gray eyes on him: "I will tell you. In that dreadful moment when the cavalry of France cheered Death in his own awful presence I loved them and their country—*my country!*—as I had never loved in all my life. . . . And I hated, too! I hated the men who butchered them—more! I hated the country where the men came from—I hated race and country and the blows they dealt, and the evil they wrought on France—*my France!* That is the truth!—and I realize it!"

There was a silence. Buckhurst slowly unrolled the wrinkled paper he had been fingering. "And now?" he asked simply.

"Now?" she repeated. "I don't know—truly I do not know." She turned to me sorrowfully: "I had long since thought that my heart was clean of hate—and now I don't know." And, to Buckhurst, again: "Our creed teaches us that war is vile—a savage betrayal of humanity by a few dominant minds; a dishonorable ingratitude to God and country. But from that window I saw men die for the honor of France with God's name on their lips; I saw one superb cuirassier, trapped down there in the street, sit still on his horse, while they shot at him from every window, and I heard him call up to a Prussian officer who had just fired at him, 'My friend, you waste powder; the heart of France is censured by a million more like me!'" A rich flush touched



Diamonds lay blazing on my blanket . . . glittering in undimmed splendor

her face; her gray eyes grew brighter. "Is there a Frenchwoman alive whose blood would not stir at such a scene?" she said. "They shot him through his armor—his breastplate was riddled. He clung to his horse, always looking up at the riflemen, and I heard the bullets drumming on his helmet and his cuirass like hailstones on a tin roof; and I could not look away. And all the while he was saying quietly, 'It is quite useless, friends: France lives! You waste your powder!'—and I could not look away or close my eyes—"

She bent her head, shivering, and her interlocked fingers whitened. "I only know this," she said: "I will give all I have—I will give my poor self to help the advent of that world-wide brotherhood which must efface national frontiers and end all war in this sad world. But if you ask me, in the presence of war, to look on with impartiality, to watch my own country battling for breath, to stop my ears when a wounded motherland is calling—to answer the supreme cry of France with a passionless cry, 'Repent!'—I cannot do it—I will not! I was not born to!"

Flushed, excited, she had risen, confronting Buckhurst, whose stone-cold eyes were fixed on her. "You say I hold you unworthy," she said. "Hold me, too, unworthy among you if I have not reached that passionate equipoise from whence, impassive, I can balance my native land against its sins and watch blind justice deal with it all unconcerned. In theory, I have done it—oh, it is simple to teach one's soul in theory! But when my eyes saw my own land blacken and shrivel like a green leaf in the fire, and when with my own eyes I saw the best, the noblest—the crown of my country's chivalry—fall rolling in the mud of Morbihan under the feet of Prussia—every drop of blood in my body was French—hot and red and French! And it is now; and it will always be—as it has always been, though I did not understand."

After a silence Buckhurst said: "All that may be, madame, yet not impair your creed."

"What?" she said; "does not hatred of the stranger impair my creed?"

"It will die out and give place to reason."

"When? When I attain the lofty, dispassionate level I have never attained? That will not be while this war endures."

"Who knows?" said Buckhurst gently.

"I know!" replied the countess, the pale flames in her cheeks deepening again.

"And yet," observed Buckhurst patiently, "you are going to Paradise to work for the International."

"I shall try to do my work and love France," she said steadily. "I cannot believe that one renders the other impossible."

"Yet," said I, "if you teach the nation non-resistance, what would become of the armies of France?"

"I shall not teach non-resistance until we are at peace," she said—"until there is not a German soldier left in France. After that I shall teach acquiescence and personal liberty."

I looked at her very seriously; logic had no dwelling-place within her tender and unhappy heart. And what a hunting-ground was that heart for men like Buckhurst! I could begin to read that mouse-colored gentleman now—to follow, after a fashion, the intricate policy which his insolent mind was shaping—shaping in stealthy contempt for me and for this young girl. Thus far I could divine the thoughts of Mr. Buckhurst; but there were other matters to account for: Why did he choose to spare my life when a word would have sent me before the peloton of execution? Why had he brought to me the fortune in diamonds which he had stolen? Why did he eat humble-pie before a young girl from whom he and his companions had wrung the last penny? Why did he desire to go to Morbihan and be received among the elect in the Breton village of Paradise? I said abruptly: "So you are not going to denounce me to the Prussian provost?"

He lifted his well-shaped head and gazed at the countess with an admirable pathos, which seemed a mute appeal for protection from brutality.

"That question is a needless one," said the countess quietly: "it was a cruel one, also, Monsieur Scarlett."

"I did not mean it as an offensive question," said I; "I was merely constituting a fact, most creditable to Mr. Buckhurst. Mon Dieu, madame, I am an officer of the Imperial Police and I have lived to hear blunt questions and blunter answers. And, if it be true that Monsieur Buckhurst desires to stone for—what has happened—then it is perfectly proper for me, even as a prisoner myself, to speak plainly."

I meant this time to thoroughly convince Buckhurst of my ability to gabble platitudes. My desire that he should view me as a typical gendarme was intense. So I coughed solemnly behind my hand, knit my eyebrows and laid one finger alongside of my nose. "Is it not my duty, as a guardian of national interests, to point out to Mr. Buckhurst his honest errors? Certainly it is, madame; and this is the proper time."

Turning pompously to Buckhurst, I fancied I could almost detect a sneer on that impassive mask he wore—at least, I hoped I could; and I said, heavily: "Monsieur, for a number of years there have passed under our eyes, here in France, certain strange phenomena. Thousands of Frenchmen have, so to speak, separated themselves from the rest of the nation. All the sentiments that the nation honors itself by professing, these other Frenchmen rebuke: the love of

country, public spirit, accord between citizens, social repose, and respect for communal law and order, these other Frenchmen regard as the hallucinations of a nation of dupes. Separated by such unfortunate ideas from the nation within whose boundaries they live, they continue to rebuke—even to curse the society and the country which gives them shelter. France is only a name to them; they were born there, they live there, they derive their nourishment from her without gratitude. But France is nothing to them; *their motherland is the International!*"

I was certain, now, that the shadow of a sneer had settled in the corners of Buckhurst's thin lips.

"I do not speak of anarchists or of terrorists," I continued, nodding as though profoundly impressed with my own sagacity; "I speak of socialists—that dangerous society to which the cry of Karl Marx was addressed with the warning, 'Socialists! Unite!' The government has reason to fear socialism, not anarchy; for it will never happen in France, where the passion for individual property is so general, that a doctrine of brutal destruction could have the slightest chance of success. But wait; here is the point, Monsieur Buckhurst. Formerly the name of 'terrorist' was a shock to the entire civilized world; it evoked the spectre of a year that the world can never forget. And so our modern reformers, modestly desiring to evade the inconveniences of such memories among the people, call themselves the 'International.' Listen to them: they are adroit; they blame and rebuke violence, they condemn anarchy; they would not lay their hands on public or individual property—no, indeed!

"Ah, madame, but you should hear them in their own clubs, where the ladies and gentlemen of the gutters, the barriers and the abattoirs discuss 'individual property,' 'the tyranny of capital,' and similar subjects, which, no doubt, they are peculiarly fitted to discuss. Believe me, madame, the little coterie which you represent are already the dupes and victims of this terrible International. Their leaders work their will through you; a vast conspiracy against all social peace is spread through your honest works of mercy. The time is coming when the whole world will rise to combat this International; and when the mask is dragged from its benignant visage, there, grinning behind, will appear the same old 'Spectre Rouge,' torch in one hand, gun in the other, squatting behind a barricade of paving-blocks."

I wagged my head dolefully. "I could not have rested had I not warned Mr. Buckhurst of this," I said sentimentally. Which was fairly well done, considering that I was figuratively lamenting over the waywardness of the most accomplished scoundrel that ever sat in the supreme council of the International.

Buckhurst looked thoughtfully at the floor. "If I thought," he murmured—"if I believed for one instant—"

"Believe me, my dear sir," I said, "that you are playing into the hands of the wickedest villains on earth!"

"Your earnestness almost converts me," he said, lifting his stealthy eyes.

The countess appeared weary and perplexed. "At all events," she said, "we must do nothing to embarrass France now—we must do nothing until this frightful war is ended."

After a silence, Buckhurst said: "But you will go to Paradise, madame?"

"Yes," replied the countess listlessly. "Now what in Heaven's name attracted that rogue to Paradise?"

(TO BE CONTINUED)



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## THE LAW OF THE ISLANDS

SOME CURIOUS CASES OF "JUSTICE" IN THE COURTS OF THE PHILIPPINES  
LEFT OVER FROM THE SPANISH AND NATIVE RÉGIME

A CASE of a somewhat romantic cast was recently before the Special Court of First Instance for the island of Negros, in session at Bacolod. The defendant, a young Visayan, was neatly dressed, prepossessing-looking fellow, whose general aspect was quite unlike that of the majority of men arraigned for crime before the criminal bar of the island. The charge was abduction, the principal witness being the mother of the alleged victim. The young woman was also a witness in the case. These three—mother, daughter and defendant—were the chief characters of the drama; or, as the trial developed, the facts showed that mother, daughter and lover were the actors of the play.

The mother, as the first witness, testified that on a certain day her daughter was missing; suspecting that she had gone to the house of the defendant, she procured a kulis and drove there, finding her suspicions correct. She urged her daughter to return home with her, but she refused to do so, upon which the mother fainted and was so ill as to be obliged to remain under the roof of the abductor the following day. The witness stated that defendant had sent a band of armed men for her daughter, who took her from her home to the house of the former. The daughter, however, dispelled all inference that she had acted under compulsion, testifying that she and the accused were lovers, engaged to be married, that the marriage had been delayed, by mutual consent, till the coming May. The escort of armed men accompanying her to the house of defendant, to which she admitted going, was shown by her testimony to consist of two bachelors she had hired on the road for the purpose of protection. She also said that it was against the consent of the defendant that she sought his protection; that, owing to the cruelty of her mother, she could live with her no longer, and so wrote to defendant asking that she might come to his house for refuge. He replied in a discouraging tone, representing the scandal that would arise from such proceeding and endeavoring to dissuade her from such purpose. The next scene of the drama, however, was the appearance of the damsel at her lover's house; or, more accurately speaking, the appearance of the irate mother, who arrived in advance of the daughter.

The bridegroom expectant is now at liberty to prepare a home for his affianced, the bride-elect is living with a friendly and sympathetic uncle, the mother is presumably attending to household duties at home—all, we trust, are contented with present conditions, though it must be confessed that, in the case of the mother, such supposition admits of considerable doubt.

All cases coming before the court in this Visayan island are not of a romantic character. Occasionally, I might say frequently, a tragedy is presented to the court, sometimes of vivid shade; again, a matter of a serio-comic nature is submitted. But all are of serious character to the victim, and all make it manifest that in this country the poor man has no rights that the rich man is bound to respect. In fact, there appears to be an utter insensibility to the fact that there is such a thing as rights belonging to the mass of the people. Poor, ignorant and degraded as they are, the mass of the population fail to realize the situation, and are driven hither and thither at the will of their native masters.

The property of the country belongs to the great families. Human life is held in light esteem. The liberty of the poor man is taken at the merest whim of the powerful master—perhaps as a matter of revenge, or, it may be, to gratify a personal spite.

At the latest session of the court a man was brought before it charged with stealing carabao—a common offence in this community, something similar in character to stealing horses in sections of the United States, the carabao being the universal beast of burden. The charge was made by the former master of the defendant, about the time, or shortly after, the latter had left the service of the master against the master's will. When called upon to substantiate the charge, all the complainant stated before the magistrate was that he did not know how many carabao he had lost, didn't know that the defendant had stolen any; nothing definite was alleged, the entire matter being that the complaining witness was suspicious that the accused might have stolen carabao. He was also accused of selling four of the animals to a certain party, who, upon being examined, said that he did not know the man, had never bought carabao of him, had never seen him before. On this charge, taken in writing before the Justice of the Peace, after the former Spanish method of legal procedure, the victim was held in prison at hard labor waiting trial from January till November, there being a strong inference that the party was imprisoned on a trumped-up charge by the master to punish the man for presuming to leave his service against his will.

Suspicion appears to have entered into and to constitute a prominent element of the Spanish criminal procedure. The laws of Spain established in this archipelago were in many respects excellent, but they left very little to the discretion of the trial judge, as for each offence and degree of an offence there was meted out its penalty. The written laws were apparently intended to be rigidly exact and work justice, but the lawmakers seemed suspicious of the integrity or ability of the judges—of all excepting the magistrates of the Supreme Court, to whom was left not only the ultimate appeal but in whom were vested powers legislative in their character, and a general oversight of all inferior courts, including those of First Instance, or the tribunals next in dignity to the Supreme Court, corresponding to the Circuit or District Courts of the several States. The new system partakes something of the character of the Spanish Supreme Court of the Philippines, in giving somewhat of a magisterial character to the present supreme tribunal.

More suspicion of having committed crime was allowed altogether too much weight under the former law; men are now in prison and under bonds on suspicion and nothing more. Recently a case of alleged larceny was before the court of this district. The charge, after the Spanish-Filipino method, was somewhat multifarious, the two defendants being accused of stealing, and receiving and remarking two carabao; also of stealing various other articles, from different persons. One of the accused was a farm laborer, servant to the other, who was a respectable-looking man, a farmer, whether living on his own land or leasing from another did not appear from the evidence. The accusation arose from an anonymous letter in which the writer stated that the defendant was a bad man, who had been indulging in the theft of his neighbors' property.

On the trial, the parties specified were called and examined before the court. The first witness, one mentioned in the letter without name, stated that he had asked the defendant to take care of two carabao for him, to which request the defendant had assented, taking charge of the animals and delivering them upon request; that he had no suspicion that defendant ever entertained the thought of stealing them. Another man, mentioned in the anonymous letter as having lost two cart-wheels at the hands of the defendant, upon being called as a witness, testified that he had lost the cart-wheels and never recovered them, but did not know who had taken them. So was it with all the witnesses called, their testimony failing to afford the slightest evidence against the party charged with crime.

The Spanish-Filipino law was made for the lawyers. Its tendency was to create a privileged class, of which they did not fail to take advantage, and as a natural result the unfortunate client was crushed between the upper and nether millstones of an unscrupulous bar and a dishonest bench.

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## WHY DO WOMEN FORM CLUBS? :: BY MRS. DORÉ LYON

TO ANY ONE who has given this matter serious thought the true meaning of the almost universal movement of women toward club life must open a field for vast speculation.

To my mind, the answer is obvious: It is the outlet which woman finds for the exercise of those mental faculties which have no play elsewhere. It is the need of a parched and starved mind calling for mental food and stimulus other than what is furnished by the dull routine of domestic machinery and household cares. The woman of to-day is a hybrid creature—full of the desires of the present, but with the prejudices and limitations of the past still clinging to her skirts. Her grandmothers found their pleasures in the exercise of home duties solely, and with the cooking, cleaning, spinning and weaving, embroidering, teaching and training children they had all they could accomplish in the allotted space of a day. But in the present age, inventions, trained help, schools, governesses, etc., have become factors in a woman's life, and the average woman—the kind of woman who joins a club—finds herself with more time on her hands than she requires for the purpose of the general superintendence she exercises over her home. If she is clever, her household affairs run smoothly. The servants know their duties and fulfill them. The children, carefully tended by a competent nurse, go either to their lessons or to the Park or to play, and mamma has her day on her hands—what shall she do? Shop? Visit? Go to teas? But all these things grow tiresome after a while, and the truth comes home to her that they are nearly always a frightful waste of time, and productive of nothing good.

We will assume that she is married to a brilliant man who loves her, and whom she loves. He is occupied daily with business cares, or with his profession; for we will suppose him ambitious, hard-working and desirous of providing fitting surroundings for his cherished wife and children. Dear, good man! who can blame him if, after dinner and after having had a long, tedious day, he drops off to sleep on the library lounge, and awakens just in time to realize that he has a lot of important work to do on the morrow and therefore must retire at once? His fond and sympathetic wife cannot begrudge him his much-needed rest; and yet, to what does a continuance of this programme bring her? I can answer: To a mental ossification that will in time make

her a dull, apathetic clod or a nervous, dissatisfied woman. Or suppose a man's financial affairs are so arranged that his evenings are not spent in soporific enjoyment. His own club in this case is likely to absorb a majority of his evenings—in which case the wife's position remains the same. An absent or a sleeping husband is alike unavailable for intelligent conversation. Or if a woman has the rare good fortune to be married to a man who spends his evenings in her society—and awake—how much better fitted she is to entertain him, and to make herself a charming and attractive companion, capable of holding a man's admiration as well as his affections, if she has felt the stimulating influence during the day of association with bright feminine minds—minds attuned to something higher than dress and the servant problem. She may have many interesting anecdotes to relate, connected with some exciting debate, some word to bring of a fine book hitherto unread, and in many ways to prove that the few hours spent with her own sex, in organized effort toward improvement, have not been wasted.

Very few men, kind and good though they may be, clever though they are, think that their wives need any mental nurture. With their own brains on the alert from morning till night, and feeling the keen delight which comes from successful contact with other minds in the business world, they forget that the mind of the wife is pining for equal exercise of its faculties. In a moderate way, the modern woman's club furnishes this outlet, and the increasing number of such organizations is a vivid tribute to the upward, intellectual trend of womankind.

The woman's club is hardly understood by the mass of men and women who stand on the outside and condemn, but make no effort toward their own enlightenment on the subject. It is simply having one's pleasure, duty, philanthropic, or charitable work, as the case may be, organized and subject to rule.

It is the fashion for men and some women to sneer at the so-called clubwoman. That is the vanity of ignorance, for no right-minded man or woman can fail to perceive the palpable excellence in a sincere endeavor to cultivate the higher faculties.

In their club life, women exchange ideas on important topics of the day; they give to each other the result of their study of subjects of general interest; they exercise the long-forgotten talent of imaginative composition by writing papers

and essays; they cultivate the feelings of cordiality and good-fellowship toward their own sex, and they bring into their lives an uplifting influence which sends them to their homes with sparkling eyes and minds refreshed to charm their lords and masters by their brighter wit and keener penetration.

The constitution of every woman's club is a monument to the sex. It invariably stands for something high, noble, philanthropic or educational.

There is hardly a city in the United States that does not contain its clubs of women, organized solely for the purpose of doing good in a practical way, and by concerted action attaining greater results toward the elevation of the morals and habits of the poorer classes than could possibly be done by individual effort. Women need the inspiring effect of example and leadership, and in nearly every club this is to be found.

Women likewise gain a training in their club life which is invaluable in the government of their homes, for they are taught self-control and the systematic and dignified consideration of important questions. A woman with a well-poised and rounded mind certainly makes a better housekeeper.

It is a self-evident fact, however, that women's clubs, like any good thing in the world, when patronized to excess, become, instead of a helper, a hindrance to domestic happiness. Some women find club life so fascinating that they join a great number, and in trying to attend them all the home interests are neglected. This is a mistake, and has aided largely in giving the world in general a distorted idea of the effect clubs have in inducing women to shirk their natural responsibilities.

The wise man and far-seeing husband, however, will not only approve, but will encourage, his wife in joining a club. It will keep her out of the mischief which rumor says Satan finds for idle hands and minds; will give her something to think about besides her household worries, and give him a pleasant evening occasionally in listening to the account of the last meeting, if he has sufficient tact to show a sympathetic attention.

Therefore, ye women who find life an emptiness, and ye men whose wives are fault-finding and dissatisfied, be wise in your generation and advocate the woman's club, thereby laying up for yourselves stores of golden experiences and life-giving draughts of wit and wisdom.

## THE ATHLETIC GIRL'S HANDICAP :: BY ELEANOR HOYT

THE ATHLETIC GIRL has come, has been seen, and has conquered; but she still has her foes and rabid discussion still swirls around her firmly planted feet. All society—less complicated than all Gaul—is divided into two parts: the class that approves of athletics for women, and the class that condemns the athletic girl and pins its affections to Evelina of lymphatic memory and to her swooning sisterhood.

The latter class has, for years, been growing smaller and beautifully less, but so long as it has ground beneath its feet it will exist, and, unfortunately, there is still terra exceeding firma upon which it can take its stand.

For generations untold, tradition and popular sentiment denied woman her birth right to educational health. Then, little by little, the bars came down and the girl of the period is embracing opportunities for physical training with a zeal calculated to pay off rapidly the long arrears due her sex.

Wisely directed, this zeal unquestionably works for the betterment of the woman. It would be a rash man who would deny that the athletic movement has already raised the standard of feminine health, but that man would be still more rash who would contend that the physical education of women is being conducted along the most rational and scientific lines and that the results obtained from present methods are wholly satisfactory.

For good or for ill, the athletic girl must be accepted. The movement for which she stands has evidently come to stay. Not only in women's colleges are athletics and physical training assuming importance; even in the private schools, the institutions traditionally sacred to the p's and q's of polite accomplishments, athletics are being encouraged, and the girls are fencing, rowing, swimming, playing basket-ball—even making records for running, jumping, shot-putting, etc. The city private schools are feeling the force of popular sentiment and bewailing the necessarily restricted opportunities they can offer for athletic training. The country private schools are printing their athletic advantages in conspicuous type upon the first pages of prospectuses.

Here is indeed a straw which shows emphatically how the tide is running; but side by side with the encouraging signs are discouraging evils.

In the most important of recent innovations at the New York Teachers' College, he who runs may read recognition of the most serious of these evils. Through the gift of a liberal friend, the Teachers' College is to fill what its directors have for several years past considered a vital need. A large building, elaborately equipped, is to be devoted to the general cause of physical training and hygiene, but the main object of the institution is to further the interests of woman's physical development. All pupils of the Teachers' College may have a certain amount of physical training in this new department, but the essential purpose of the institution is the

training of specialists in educational health—of teachers competent to undertake the physical development either of men or women (but primarily women) along the broadest and most thoroughly scientific of educational lines. Hygiene, physiology, psychology, biology, medicine, are all handmaids to the science of physical training, and the pupil who undertakes the new course at the Teachers' College has hard work ahead; but the details of the system are another story.

This new institution belongs to this story only as it emphasizes, by intelligent recognition, the great need in the field of woman's physical development—the need of thoroughly competent instructors. This need is greater in the case of the woman than in that of the man. Individual differentiation must be studied more closely in the athletic training of women than in corresponding training among men. There is far less danger in arbitrary application of general athletic principles to men than in like treatment of women. Indiscriminate physical training among men may not promote the highest individual physical development of those men, but it cannot work the harm that it may accomplish among the same number of women.

In a few of the women's colleges, and even in some of the private girls' schools, the physical training is in the hands of teachers thoroughly competent, but, in the judgment of earnest students of the conditions, this is the exception rather than the rule. Concessions are being made to widespread demand, without due consideration of the responsibilities involved. Physical training as an advertising card is taking high place in school prospectuses, but in how many girls' schools is physical training conducted by teachers thoroughly competent to handle the broad and vital problems of physical education?

The average teacher of physical culture has barely mastered the A, B, C of the science. She has learned some particular system of exercises and studied a certain amount of physiology. She believes that certain exercises are good applied in mass, and she applies them. She is absolutely incapable of differentiating finely between individual needs, of estimating exactly the effect upon each individual of each form of exercise. She doesn't even understand the basic principles of hygiene well enough to control wisely the conditions under which the exercise is taken, to solve the problems of heat and pure air and moisture which are of such essential importance in obtaining the best results from physical exercise.

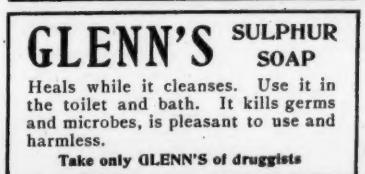
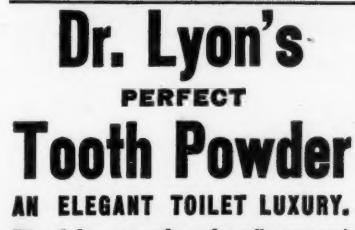
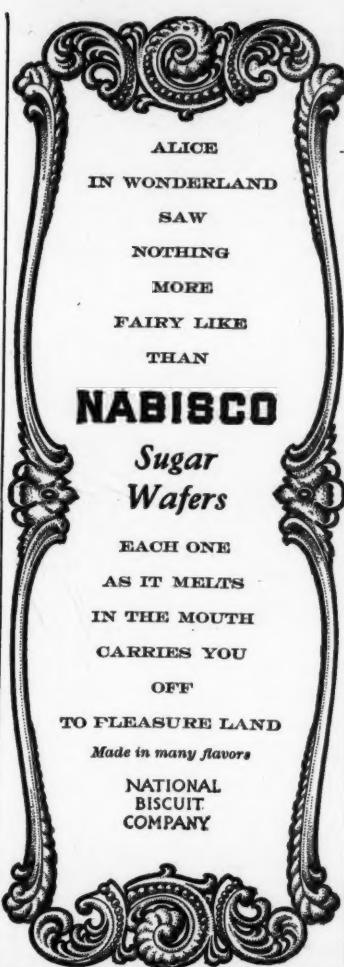
In many girls' schools, men have the directing of the athletic training. As a rule, their competency is judged merely by their own records in athletics. They apply to girls, with a sweeping generalization, the fundamental principles that governed their own athletic training, train the girls as they would train boys, only with a supercilious concession to the fact that they are dealing with a weaker sex. They mark their differentiation by the amount of exercise, not by its kind.

All this leads the students of physical education in its broadest sense, and particularly those students who have especially at heart the promotion of woman's physical welfare, to rage like the heathen and imagine vain things. The natural feminine tendency to excessive enthusiasm and the incompetency of many of the teachers who are undertaking the physical education of girls, are working together for the defeat of the movement which they appear to advance. To these causes are due the many unfortunate results of indiscriminate exercise which have injured the cause so greatly. Accidents and injuries of the same kind result from athletic training of boys, but physical training for boys is an old-established institution. It is not upon trial. The eyes of the world are not upon it. Public prejudice is not against it.

Up to the present time, the physical training of woman has been almost wholly empirical, having for basis the implicit acceptance of some one of the systems of training, all of which science finds more or less faulty. What is vitally necessary is scientific understanding of the effects of different forms of physical exercise, particularly the differential effects determined by sex.

Woman needs motor education to counteract the excessive emotionalism, sentimentalism and hypersensitivity of her sex. Kipling says that there is a certain sanity about men who work with their hands. It is that motor sanity grafted upon pure womanliness that gives the ideal woman. Training of motor muscles means a well-rounded human machine and a well-rounded human machine makes possible mental and moral balance. Field sports work surprising changes in feminine character—are death to hysteria, to unreason, to vanity, and are life to the spirit of fair play and honest competition. Athletic competition is an excellent thing for the average girl. Not only does it keep her interested in her training, but its stimulus has a direct physiological and psychological effect that is distinctly advantageous. Yet all girls cannot go in for field and track athletics, nor can every girl golf or swim or row or play tennis. The feminine tendency in physical exercise as in all things is toward excess, and each girl must learn to know her physical requirements and limitations, with the rules of diet, exercise and life that will bring her physically up to par. In order that she may know herself so, she must have teachers who have been trained upon the broadest and most far-reaching scientific lines.

When such teachers are installed wherever the physical development of woman is systematically undertaken, not only gymnasium work but field and track athletics for women will be an unalloyed boon to the sex and will not, as now, offer ample cause for criticism. The athletic girl will, in that blissful day, sigh vainly for more worlds of prejudice to conquer.



## HOME-MADE CATSUPS

By KATHERINE E. MEGEE

THE VARIOUS catsups are highly appreciated by the good cook, who not only employs them for the purpose of imparting an agreeable flavor to meats and other solid foods at table, but also as a piquant seasoning for soups, gravies, meat sauces, hashes, stews, and similar dishes.

To buy these condiments ready prepared and of superior quality one must needs pay a fancy price; but when manufactured at home, their cost is insignificant.

WALNUT CATSUP.—Gather the walnuts when green and soft. Grind or pound in an earthen or marble mortar; then turn into a stone jar, sprinkle with salt and cover with vinegar. Let stand a week, stirring well each day; then strain through a coarse cloth. To each gallon of the liquor add one ounce each of whole cloves, pepper-corns, ginger, mace and celery seed, one-half nutmeg, broken fine, one clove of garlic, and one-half teaspoonful Cayenne. Boil all slowly till reduced one-half, strain, and bottle when cold.

MUSHROOM CATSUP.—Wipe, but do not wash, freshly gathered mushrooms; put in layers in an earthen dish, sprinkling each layer with salt. Cover with a damp cloth of several thicknesses, let stand in a warm place thirty-six hours, then mash and strain. To each quart of juice add one ounce of peppercorns; boil thirty minutes; add one ounce each of whole cloves and allspice, one-half ounce of ginger-root, and one blade of mace. Simmer fifteen minutes; when cold, strain and bottle.

CURRENT CATSUP.—Cook together until thick six quarts of currant juice and five pounds of sugar; then add one quart of vinegar, three tablespoonsfuls of cinnamon, two of allspice, one each of cloves, nutmeg and salt, and one-half ounce of Cayenne. Boil twenty minutes, bottle and seal.

GOOSEBERRY CATSUP.—Scald, mash and put through a colander nine pounds of ripe fruit; add five pounds of sugar, three tablespoonsfuls of cinnamon and one-half tablespoonful each of cloves and allspice. Boil twenty minutes, add one quart of cold vinegar, and seal without delay.

Make ripe grape catsup by the same formula.

TOMATO CATSUP.—Wipe with a damp cloth and core one bushel of fine ripe tomatoes; place over the fire with three pints of water, two handfuls of peach leaves and a dozen onions cut fine; boil two hours, strain, add one-half gallon of vinegar, two ounces each of ground allspice, black pepper and mustard, one ounce of ground cloves, two grated nutmegs, two pounds of brown sugar and one pint of salt. Boil two hours longer, stirring constantly. Bottle cold.

CUCUMBER CATSUP.—Peel and chop three dozen cucumbers and half as many onions very fine; add one teaspoonful of mustard-seed, one-fourth teaspoonful of black pepper, and one ounce each of cloves and allspice. Mix well and cover with vinegar.

WORCESTERSHIRE CATSUP.—Mix thoroughly one-half gallon of vinegar, one ounce of Cayenne, eight cloves of garlic, one dozen anchovies (mashed), one tablespoonful of whole cloves and two blades of mace. Let stand closely covered for eighteen hours. Strain, add two gills of walnut catsup and two tablespoonsfuls of prepared mustard. Turn into a jug; at the end of two weeks bottle it.

Use only perfect fruit for catsups; cook in a porcelain kettle; bottle in glass or stone.

To prevent mold, do not fill the bottles quite to the top with catsup, but fill up with hot vinegar.

## FOOD

## GRATEFUL FOR FOOD

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A friend advised me to try Grape-Nuts, but I was afraid to when a teaspoonful of milk brought tears to my eyes, my stomach was so raw. But I tried one teaspoonful a day of the Grape-Nuts for one week, and finding it agreed with me, increased the quantity. In two weeks, I could walk out to the kitchen; in four weeks I walked half a block, and to-day I do my own light house-keeping.

I live on Grape-Nuts and know they saved my life; my people all thought I could not live a month when I commenced using them, and are very much surprised at the change in me. I am very grateful that there is such a food to be obtained for those who have weak stomachs."

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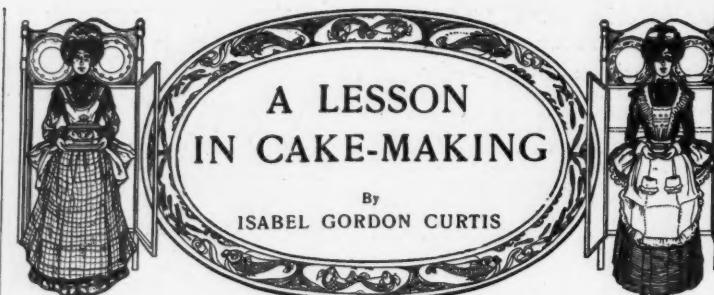
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ONE DAY I showed a new cook how to make plain cake, superintending her work from the creaming of the butter to folding in the stiffly beaten whites of eggs. The batter had been poured into the pans. I had given the most minute directions about baking in the gas range—then I was called away. In ten minutes my green maid shouted upstairs, "Please, mem, the cake's burnin'!" I found the cake in the bottom of the roasting chamber. Of course, it had not risen at all and it was covered with a thick, blackened crust. The new cook expostulated that I had told her to set it in the bottom shelf of the oven. That was true, only she did not know the difference between the oven and the roasting chamber. In the former, the heat is applied from below; in the latter, it comes, so intensely hot as to be capable of searing food, from the top.

I mention this incident simply to illustrate one of the daily occasional blunders made in the making and baking of cake by a cook who is in ignorance of the processes which occur from the time the butter is put in a warm bowl till the cake is taken from the oven to cool. In a cooking school the teacher calls this "science." Because "science" is a formidable word to uneducated ears, the woman who calls herself a plain cook does not put her intelligence to work or try to master the processes. If the cook I speak of had understood what happens when a cake is put in an oven of the proper temperature, she would never have dreamed of the heat—in the first stage of baking—coming from the top.

To begin with the first steps in the science of mixing, I will choose for the lesson a snow cake, one of the simplest, most delicate and inexpensive of cakes. This recipe makes a good-sized loaf or a large layer cake, using only the whites of two eggs, a very satisfactory item in these days of high prices. No cake in the great assortment of cakes I might choose from is so tender of grain, so delicious, so crisp of crust or so all-around satisfactory as this is. The recipe is one in every-day use in my own household, because it is capable of infinite variations in the hands of an adaptive cook. Here is the recipe:

Cream together one-quarter of a cupful of butter and one cupful of sugar, then add half a cupful of milk and one and two-thirds of a cupful of flour sifted with two and a half teaspoonsfuls of baking powder, adding flour and milk alternately in small quantities. When perfectly smooth and white, fold in the whites of two eggs beaten to a stiff froth. Flavor with half a teaspoonful of vanilla.

Before beginning the work, let me impress on you that poor materials will never make good cake. One needs good sugar, the best of tub butter, perfectly fresh eggs and pastry flour to have delicately tasting, fine-grained, crisply crusted cake. If poor cooking-butter or eggs of a doubtful age are used, it is of no avail trying to disguise the fact by adding a double portion of vanilla; the strongest taste is uppermost.

Before beginning work, get all your materials ready. Sift the flour and sift it from one and two-thirds level cupfuls, smoothing off the top with a knife; for in this recipe, and in all others I give, the measurements are level. Put flour and baking powder in the sifter. Butter the cake-pans with a bristle brush and sift flour into it till a coating of white covers the inside of the tin. This gives a fine crust; it is easier than lining a tin with buttered paper and the cake is not liable to burn. Measure the butter, sugar and milk, separate the egg and see that the oven is in good condition. If you bake in a gas stove, light both oven burners; it takes about as long for the oven to heat as it does to mix the cake.

If the weather is cold and the butter is hard, warm an earthenware bowl by allowing hot water to stand in it for a few minutes. Pour it out, dry the bowl, then put the butter to soften, but never to melt. Butter which has melted will never produce a smooth white cream. Take a wooden slotted spoon and beat the butter till creamy; this process allows of a perfect blending with the sugar, which is added gradually, beating constantly all the time. When the cream mixture is light and snowy white, sift in a few spoonfuls of flour to keep the butter and sugar from separating, as would happen if the milk went in first. By the way, always use a slotted spoon when making cake. The air, which you are endeavoring to beat into the cake, is caught and driven through the slits

and a perfect blending of ingredients can be quickly accomplished. With the ordinary bowl-spoon this process is arrived at very slowly. Few cooks realize what an important factor quickness is in the beating of cake. The woman of slow, deliberate motions will invariably turn out a heavy cake; the quick, energetic cook will have a light, delicious cake. I have seen this result many times in cooking school, where the same materials, the same utensils, the same well-tempered stove were at the disposal of women of different temperaments.

To turn again to the cake, which we left at the stage of thoroughly creamed butter and sugar, with a small amount of flour sifted in. Add now a few tablespoonfuls of milk, and beat; then sift in half a cupful of flour till it is all in and you have a snowy, light batter. If you are making the cake alone, stop now and beat the whites of the eggs. If some one can help it would be better, at the time you begin the creaming of the butter, that she commenced to beat the eggs. When they reach the light, dry, frothy condition which is a necessity, the cake mixture would be ready to have them folded in. If you have to beat the white of egg yourself, it is better to allow the cake to wait for it than to let it wait for the cake. No matter how well whipped it has been, the air will escape from it and it will go back to a condition from which it can never again be beaten stiff. When it is thoroughly whipped, fold it into the batter. By folding I mean put the spoon in edgewise, lift the batter and turn it over. Repeat until thoroughly mixed. At this point the batter begins to hold millions of little air cells obtained by beating and the bubbles formed by whipping air into the whites of the eggs. If at this point the batter is subjected to further beating, the imprisoned air bubbles would be liberated and the cake would be heavy. Therefore, put it immediately into the oven for the air cells to be set by the heat. There is a certain knack in pouring cake batter into the pans, which results in a perfectly flat, well-shaped cake. Smooth the batter after it is all in with a spatula, having the mixture come well to the corners and sides of the pans, leaving a slight depression in the centre. Never scrape batter from a knife or spoon on the edge of the pan. If you do, the cake will not rise on that side. Fill the pans three-quarters full if you wish the cake to reach the top of the tins.

Critical and careful work as the mixing of cake requires, it is even less important than the skill required in baking. The only way by which this skill can be acquired is to have a woman know her stove as intimately as an engineer knows his machinery. Years ago I encountered failure after failure with a new stove; it simply would not bake, and yet I thought I knew its make-up thoroughly. I realized it was foolish to waste more good material, and went to the dealer I had purchased it from. He took a stove exactly like mine in pieces, and I studied every devious draught and pipe in it, I discovered exactly how the circulation of hot air heated the oven, then I found that one small damper turned in exactly an opposite direction from the one in my old stove. To the misunderstanding of it I could immediately attribute all my failures. If you find a stove prove balky, follow the plan I did. If this is an impossibility, pay a mechanic to take your stove in pieces. The knowledge acquired of the machine you are trying to run will be well worth the dollar expended.

As to the time and temperature for the baking of cake, consider its thickness. Small patty-pan cakes and layer cakes require a much hotter oven than loaf cake. If you are using a gas range, turn on both burners for the small or thin cakes; they ought to bake in twenty or thirty minutes. A loaf cake requires a slower heat. Both demand the heat at the beginning coming from below, while all the tiny air-cells are swelling larger and larger. If the heat were to come from above, a crust would form, the rising process would end in the bubbles bursting and the mixture settling down heavy as lead. Allow the cake to stand on the lower shelf of the oven till the pan is full, then—very carefully move it to the higher shelf, if it does not seem to be hot enough below. Here it will brown more evenly. Always keep the pans as far as possible from the sides of the oven; if not hot enough to burn cake, they will likely be hot enough to make it rise unevenly.

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**AUTUMN LINENS**  
By LILIAN BARTON WILSON

THE DISPLAYS of linens at the opening of this season are such as make the housekeeper long for a fortune. This fresh, beautiful fabric is the finishing touch of home, so to speak. The white cloth completes the beauty of the dining-room; the bed-covers and large heavy towels placed by the toilet-table at the last minute make the sleeping apartment look comfortable and restful. The fresh cloths throughout the house make us feel that all is in order and home is ready for winter comfort.

The designs for tablecloths this year are unique in that they have a rich border which is supposed to come along the edge of the table. The pattern for the table-top is complete in itself. It is therefore necessary to know the exact dimensions of the table before ordering.

The rose, shamrock and thistle are used lavishly in the Irish cloths. Circular tables are very popular now, and the round cloths are exquisite in design. In these, as well as in the square ones, the heavy pattern is on the table, and the plain linen between this and the border is rich in effect. In selecting table damask one should remember that the all-over pattern on the table is the most satisfactory. No matter how beautiful the cloth in quality or how elaborate the border, if the part that lies on the top of the table is plain or has a set-apart design, the richness is lacking and the effect is scanty.

Cloths decorated with lace will be used a great deal this coming winter by those who can afford them. The importations of French, Italian, Venetian, point Arab and other laces are superb. Many tea cloths and smaller table decorative linens are bordered with reproductions of old rare laces.

The towels for this season are large, and of beautiful as well as of useful quality. The hemstitched hem has largely taken the place of fringe on towels. It is more convenient and certainly wears well.

## QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Questions on any subject may be sent to this department, and the answers will be published at the earliest possible date after receipt. All communications should be addressed: "Questions and Answers" Department, Collier's Weekly, New York City.

Miss B. S.—"The Fortnightly," "The Sabbath Breakers," or "The Half-Dozen" would seem to fit the conditions mentioned in your letter.

M. W., WATERBURY, CONN.—We do not give addresses in this column. The address you give in your letter is sufficient to reach the gentleman in question.

E. G. C., HALIFAX, N. S.—By no means marry any man you do not love. If the first young man you mention loves you sincerely, he will in time be able to find some way to secure the consent of your parents.

B. B.—You are probably suffering from what is termed seborrhea. The skin becomes greasy, in spite of care, and, in due course of time, coarse with enlarged pores. Seborrhea is due to a loss of tone and elasticity in the glands, and therefore, when it occurs, the general health should be carefully investigated. Fruit and green vegetables should be taken fresh, especially watercress and salads. Pastry and all fatty foods should be avoided, and if there be anemia, as shown by pallor of the lips and gums, iron tonics and a simple nourishing diet are wanted, and a little red wine with the meals. Use this lotion:

Sulphate of zinc, 4 grains.  
Com. tincture of lavender, 8 drops.  
Lavender water, 2 ounces.  
Rose water, 2 ounces.

M. A. McK.—The recipe you ask for is given below. Should this not make the hair as glossy as you wish, a very simple remedy is to beat the yolks of two fresh eggs to a froth, mix with warm water and wash the hair in the mixture. Apart from the glossiness, this also cleanses the scalp and nourishes the roots of the hair. I am sorry to be unable to answer your mail, but at present we have made no arrangements for doing this:

Borax, 1 teaspoonful.  
Carbonate of soda, 1 teaspoonful.  
Common salt, 1 teaspoonful.  
Water of ammonia, 2 ounces.  
Tincture of cantharides, 6 drachms.  
Carbolic acid solution (1 to 50) to 12 ounces.

Rub well into the roots of the hair night and morning, and brush gently for a quarter of an hour. Combing the hair also helps to give it a gloss and a soft, silky appearance.

J. M.—Can you give me some formula for a preparation to coat linoleum so it will wear well and keep its color?

Linoleum which is worth buying ought to require no preparation after being put down. Its wearing qualities are supposed to have been fully attended to by the manufacturer. If it is laid well, it ought to wear like the traditional iron. Linoleum always stretches after it has been put down, therefore in laying it is a good plan to allow one inch on all sides for stretching. After a few weeks you may find it necessary to trim a few inches, for here and there the linoleum will be found to bulge and the edges press against the walls. If these bulging spots are

sheets and pillow-cases are embroidered to match. It is quite an innovation to have the top edge of the sheet finished with a button-holed scallop, with the pillow-case edges the same. This is pretty work to do at home but rather expensive to buy.

Lace is used for bedspreads quite as much as for the table. The Marie Antoinette patterns are beautiful. The "patent satin" quilts, which are an improved Marseilles, are exceedingly pretty. They have the great advantage over Marseilles that they are easily washed.

No tiny accessory of the toilet is dearer to the feminine heart than dainty handkerchiefs. Two years ago, delicately colored designs were coming out in Paris. They are here now, printed, and some in applique and outline embroidery.

One may make for one's self the prettiest possible "glove handkerchiefs." These are from six to nine inches square, of exceedingly fine linen, French lawn, and are most convenient to have when one's white gloves are fresh—which, by the way, they should always be, or one should wear black. French lawn is expensive, but a fourth of a yard will make a supply of these little handkerchiefs. Roll the edge instead of turning it for a hem, for it should be very narrow. Then with blue or pink embroidery silk over-sew it all round—that is, "whip" it over the top of this little hem. Once round, return in the opposite direction, thus forming a "cross-stitch." These handkerchiefs are "trifles light as air," and can be carried in the button opening of the glove or tucked up the cuff.

The stores are full of lovely things in linen—extravagantly pretty, and indeed extravagant to buy; but many of them, like the handkerchiefs and neckwear, can be made by clever fingers. The turnover collar is to be stiff now, embroidered with small motifs.

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THIS Fashionable Tailor-Made Suit is made of fine all-wool, serviceable, Venetian suiting, colors are castor, navy-blue or black.

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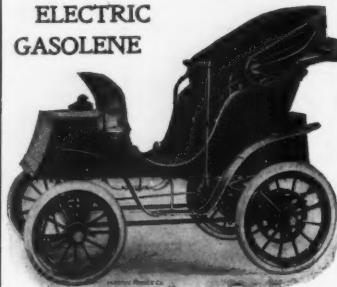
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the war, when the elder Belmont, D. D. Withers, Leonard Jerome, John Hunter, William R. Travers and others founded the American Jockey Club, and reinstated racing in the position it had occupied prior to the disastrous Civil War.

In 1890, the winnings of the Belmont stable amounted to \$171,300, a record for this country. Mr. Belmont still takes the greatest interest in breeding, and has this year sent to the races the good two-year-old Mizzen, whose fine races in the early Morris Park meeting proved his wonderful speed and stamina. As in the case of most other rich owners, this year racing has been a disappointment to Mr. Belmont. Horses went amiss, and the thousand and one annoying things which will happen occasionally to a high-class stable have been poured upon him.

William C. Whitney is another wealthy owner of thoroughbreds whose investments, including Nasturtium (\$50,000), Blue Girl (\$35,000), and a number of others last season, must amount to over a million dollars. At the fine training establishment at Westbury, L. I., there are 37,000 acres of ground, necessitating the employment of over 400 hands and a salary list of over \$200,000 a year, not counting in his breeding establishment in Kentucky, and his Sheepshead Bay racing stables, barns, etc.

This year Mr. Whitney has cut but an insignificant figure among the winning owners, yet last year he stood at the head of the winning list with over \$150,000 to his credit. He corralled every likely horse that could be bought, and then Yankee, Blue Girl, Goldsmith, Nasturtium, Endurance-by-Right, all went on the sick-list, and none of them has done anything to speak of this season.

His luck seems to have been transferred to his son, Harry Payne Whitney, who, with Herman G. Duryea, bought a single horse from John E. Madden—Irish Lad—and won four straight races with him; he captured a couple of two-year-old scrambles worth about \$800 each, and then he won the Great Trial at Sheepshead Bay, worth \$17,460, last June, and later the great Saratoga Special race, worth \$18,000 in cash and an additional \$1,500 in plate. Their only other horse is Acefull, winner of the \$15,000 First Special, September 15. Encouraged by his success, the two ladies, Mrs. Whitney and Mrs. Duryea, have gone into racing partnership, and own Alsono and another horse, running them under the name of "Mr. Roslyn."

A veritable pillar of the American turf is James R. Keene, who bred and owned Domino, the greatest horse of his time, he winning more money during his racing career than any previously living in this country. His winnings in 1893 alone amounted to \$180,890. Mr. Keene entered racing in 1870, and in 1879 he won the English Derby with Iroquois, the only time it has been won by an American horse, while his good horse Foxhall won many races in England that year. This year his colors have been borne to victory by Dalesman, Duster, Hurst Park, Dazzling, etc., but none of them has been what may be called a really first-class horse, and many of them must be termed great disappointments. Still the stable is a very large one, and reckoned one of the most important on the American turf.

The Fleischmanns of Cincinnati are also strong supporters of racing, owning many good horses and racing consistently. This year Hurstbourne appears to have been their standard-bearer. Although a colt of considerable speed and quality, who has shown prominently in many important races, he has always just failed to land one of the big events. The breeding farm has number of very high-class mares, and the great winner, Halma.

Clarence H. Mackay is another millionaire whose interest in the turf has this year been suffered to wane. He bought the great Bantastar and won the Metropolitan Handicap last year; also the great Heno, for whom he is said to have paid \$35,000. He also had Mexican, winner of the Great Produce Stakes of \$10,000 last summer, and, just when things began to look bright for his racing prospects, his father died, and he elected to dispose of the stud for the time being, but will surely return when family matters have been arranged.

Arthur Featherstone is the many times millionaire owning Reina and Arsenal, the winners of the Metropolitan and Brooklyn Handicaps of this year. He owned the mighty Messer, and a number of high-class horses, and is credited with running the most expensive stable, for its size, in the country. He thinks himself lucky if his expenditures do not rise to more than \$40,000 a year over his stable winnings.

J. B. Haggan, the Californian, has a ranch and stud farm which is an encyclopaedia in itself, an enormous place which produces several hundred yearlings each year, which are sold round New York. His expenditure in brood-mares and stallions is of world-wide renown and passes up into several millions. This year he has been prominent with a number of fairly good horses, but several of them went amiss, and none of them has won him the laurels which Watercolor, the handsomest horse of his day, did last year.

A Western millionaire racing here this season is John A. Drake, whose colt, Savable, won the great Futurity.

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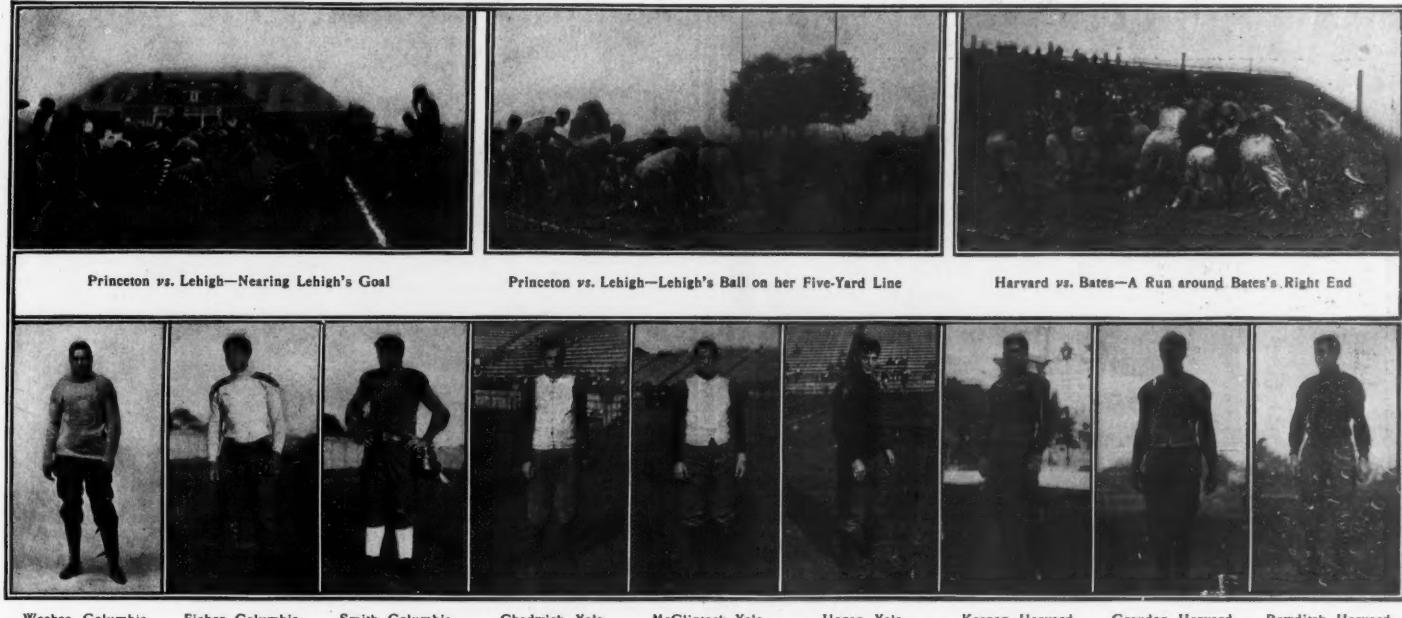
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## FOOTBALL

OCTOBER 1 was a sad day for the pride of the larger football teams, for both Harvard and Yale were scored upon by their competitors, Bowdoin making 6 points against Harvard, while Tufts made 6 points against Yale. In the case of Harvard, the fumbling of a wet ball on Bowdoin's 5-yard line gave Porter, the Bowdoin right end, an opportunity to get the leather and run with it the length of the field. The Harvard men were unable to overtake him from behind, partly due to the assisting interference of his comrades. The score was: Harvard 17, Bowdoin 6.

In the Yale-Tufts game, Tufts secured her touchdown by a quarter-back kick, which was successful owing to the failure of the Yale backs, who had plenty of time to pick up the ball, but for some unexplained reason were waiting for it to cross the line, and the Tufts end came around and secured it.

Tufts' right end, Nason, played a good game throughout, and her line fought valiantly. Ward did the best work for Yale behind the line, while Glass, Goss and Shevlin were very effective. The final score was: Yale 34, Tufts 6.

Princeton opened her football season on the same day by preventing Swarthmore from scoring, and running up 18 points in one twenty and one fifteen minute half. Some of the new men behind the line showed up well, particularly Moore and Vetterlein.

Pennsylvania defeated Franklin and Marshall 16 to 0, and Cornell ran up 31 points on Rochester.

Brown and the University of Vermont had a struggle in which neither side scored.

Of the Saturday games, Georgetown won the most glory by defeating Annapolis in the rain and on a muddy field by forcing the Cadets to twice carry the ball across their own goal line for a safety touchdown. Score: Georgetown 4, Annapolis 0.

Columbia found no opposition in the eleven from Rutgers, Smith and Weekes, as had already been predicted, taking ground at will, the former through the line and the latter around the ends. Score: Columbia 43, Rutgers 0.

Dr. Newton was quite proud of the defence of his pets during the first half of the Princeton-Lehigh game, but in the second they cracked under pressure and Princeton, getting more together and stirred into desperation by the fact that she had been unable to score during the first period, ran up 23 points. Vetterlein's drop-kick goal was a good one and shows him up as a dangerous factor to the larger teams. Score: Princeton 23, Lehigh 0.

In the Harvard-Bates contest, Harvard showed a far steadier game than in her previous matches, and both line and backs exhibited much improvement. The interference was better formed and faster. Tenney was the particular star, and demonstrated that he is strong on his feet and has speed. Score: Harvard 23, Bates 0.

Cornell was a different proposition against Union, and began to exhibit possibilities of another strong scoring team; her new backs, especially Shepard, playing with a good deal of dash. Score: Cornell 43, Union 0.

Amherst presented a far more enduring line and better

tackling than the other teams that have faced Yale, but the power of the New Haven forwards kept the visitors on the defensive throughout. The Yale backs started more quickly than last week and found their openings more readily. Score: Yale 23, Amherst 0.

Luntz's team is already strong on offence and he has instilled into them quite a little of his own snap and fire. They had no opportunity to exhibit any defence or to judge what they could do against a team of their own class, for the Susquehannas were too weak to do more than make a faint show of resistance. Score: Lafayette 53, Susquehanna 0.

Coach Carl Williams had more satisfaction out of his team against Pennsylvania State than in any playing thus far this season, and the results of his hard labor are already becoming manifest. His line showed signs of stiffness and his backs struck hard. Score: University of Pennsylvania 17, Pennsylvania State 0.

Brown had a narrow squeeze of it against Wesleyan and her team was lucky indeed to secure a touchdown at the very last moment. It was, however, a magnificently plucky effort, by which the eleven, in sheer desperation, carried the ball two-thirds the length of the field. Score: Brown 5, Wesleyan 0.

Somehow or another West Point was always knocking at the door of Tufts' goal, but could not get in, so that Pierson's men came away with the very creditable showing of having held the Cadets down to a single score. The attack of the soldiers lacked cohesion at critical times. Score: West Point 5, Tufts 0.

In the Middle West, Wisconsin scored 24 to Hyde Park's 5, Chicago 5 to Knox's 0, and Northwestern University 25 to Lake Forest's 0.

## CHARGE OF PROFESSIONALISM

It is reported that Kraenzlein, the former Pennsylvania hurdler, and Baxter, the former Pennsylvania jumper, have been suspended by the Irish Amateur Athletic Association for receiving two hundred and fifty dollars apiece for competing at the Royal Irish Constabulary sports at Ball's Bridge in the fall of 1900. The suspension is said to have been made after an investigation in which the R. I. C. Committee acknowledged having paid the money. The public no longer takes seriously the importance of purity in athletics, and no wonder, for it would take the average man half his time to follow the prominent disqualifications alone.

## INTERCOLLEGIATE TENNIS

The steadily continued bad weather interfered with the Annual Intercollegiate Tennis Championship, although on the second day the actual rain let up and a special exhibition match was played between Beals Wright and Alexander, the former winning easily. The third round brought matters down to Leonard and Bishop, and Clothier and Lewis. Leonard defeated Bishop 6-4, 6-0, and Clothier beat Lewis 6-2 6-1.

The finals resulted in a comparatively easy victory for W. J. Clothier, who triumphed over E. W. Leonard, the latter winning the first set, but Clothier taking the next three. To those who saw Clothier play in his first set against Doherty at Newport, such a result was not surprising. He is certainly a coming player, has reach, strength and, on certain strokes, excellent execution. A little greater maturity and generalship promises to make him dangerous to anybody. He represented Harvard, as did also Leonard, and the two together won the doubles.

## WOMEN'S GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP

NINETY women started in the Seventh Annual Women's Championship at the Country Club, Brookline, Mass. Eight, however, of this ninety failed to return cards, among the contingent being Miss Burt and Miss Reiley of the Philadelphia Country Club, both of whom were looked upon to do good work.

The day was accountable for some bad going, but the rain was not heavy enough to make the ground particularly bad, and the play was very good. Eighty-nine was the low score, Miss Margaret Curtis and Miss Louisa A. Wells being tied at this point. The coming to the top of these two was not remarkable, as Miss Wells was on her home course and Miss Curtis in her own section. This 89 is eight strokes better than the former women's record for the course, and a corresponding number of strokes worse than the amateur men's record. It took a score of 103 to get into the first thirty-two. Half of the thirty-two qualifiers came from the ranks of New England golfers.

As an idea of the value of these scores, the following distances are given: Out—395, 353, 128, 333, 373, 410, 140, 303, 330; total, 2,763 yards. In—160, 296, 400, 240, 186, 340, 333, 363, 475, 279; total, 5,558 yards.

The second day became more disagreeable in the way of weather. It rained hard after playing the first round; the second round was finally postponed by the committee until Thursday, October 2. For all this there were several exciting contests, and it was pretty thoroughly demonstrated that a lead in a women's match is not a sure thing to bank on, for in several cases a lead seems to cause the leader to let down, while the spur of coming defeat nerves up the one behind to unusual effort.

This was shown in the case of the San Francisco representative, Mrs. R. Gilman Brown, who had Miss Underhill dormie 2. Miss Underhill then proceeded to wipe out these two by getting par figures on the 17th and 18th and winning the extra hole.

Another match showing the same surprising reversal was that between Miss Porter and Miss Bessie Anthony. Miss Porter was no less than 4 up with 5 to go when Miss Anthony commenced coming, and finally won out on the extra hole.

Still again Miss Vanderhoff had Miss Carpenter 4 down with 5 to play. Miss Carpenter thereupon took four holes straight and looked in a fair way to halve, but Miss Vanderhoff stalled it off by winning the last hole by 6 to 7.

Mrs. Manice found too much to do with Mrs. Walter Gorham,



MISS HECKER  
MISS WELLS  
MISS HECKER AND MISS WELLS ON THE THIRTEENTH GREEN IN THE FINALS  
MRS. FOX  
MRS. GORHAM  
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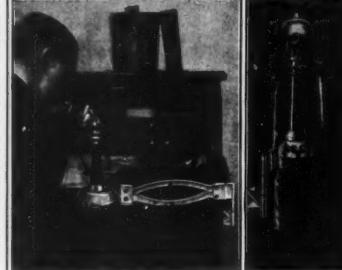
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who won out, much to the surprise of many, by 5 up and 4 to play.

Miss Curtis beat out Miss Phipps by 5 up and 3 to go, and played some very strong golf coming in. Miss Wells beat out Miss Fanning by 6 up and 4 to go.

Thursday was quite as remarkable for plucky finishes as had been the day before, and the weather conditions were far more agreeable. The sun came out, and some two thousand people appeared in the afternoon to make up an appreciative gallery.

The match between Miss Hecker and Miss Underhill carried the most interest, the former finally winning by 4 up and 3 to play. Miss Anthony, the Western champion, beat out Mrs. N. P. Rogers 4 up and 3 to play. Mrs. Gorham defeated Miss Brownell 2 up, and Miss Curtis disposed of Miss McKay 5 up and 4 to play. Miss Vanderhoff defeated Mrs. Shippen 6 up and 5 to play, and Mrs. Fox beat out Miss Bishop by 1 up. Miss Wells, although Miss Adams had her 4 up and 5 to play, finally won out on the last green. Miss Phelps was 4 up and 5 to go on Miss Osgood, but Miss Osgood won in a remarkable finish which required two extra holes, she finishing 1 up.

But it was in the afternoon that the greatest interest came, and when Miss Hecker went out with Miss Anthony—the same pair who had played together in the qualifying round, in which Miss Anthony had made a 94 to Miss Hecker's 96—there was tremendous interest. Both players were in deadly earnest, and making every stroke seriously, with a result that at the finish of the 16th hole they were all even with 2 to go. Miss Anthony had the honor, and, pressing a little, half topped her ball, Miss Hecker sending off a good one, and this gain enabled her to win the hole 5 to 6. On the next, both got off good balls, Miss Anthony having a little the better of the distance; but Miss Hecker made up for this by a fine brassey and finally won the hole and the match.

Miss Vanderhoff suffered defeat at the hands of Mrs. Fox in a rattling finish, where Mrs. Fox was 3 up with 4 to play, but which Miss Vanderhoff brought down to 1 up. Miss Margaret Curtis, one of the favorites, especially with the Boston crowd, met defeat at the hands of Mrs. Gorham, the Philadelphian, who is such a deadly match player. Miss Curtis was 1 up at the turn, but Mrs. Gorham took the next hole, and then ran away from the Boston girl, winning by 4 up and 2 to play. Miss Wells easily defeated Miss Osgood.

The semi-finals brought about two very interesting combinations—Miss Hecker, representing New York, meeting Mrs. Gorham of Philadelphia, and Miss Wells of Boston meeting Mrs. Fox of Philadelphia. Mrs. Gorham was not at her best in the first half, and Miss Hecker, who went out in the tournament record score of 41, had Mrs. Gorham 5 down at the turn. After that Miss Hecker's putting went off, while Mrs. Gorham continued to come very steadily, and had reduced the lead by 3 holes when 4 from home. Miss Hecker, however, won the next two holes and the match.

The match between Mrs. Fox and Miss Wells was a good exhibition of the long game, although neither player was at her best in the short game. Miss Wells was "on her drive," and repeatedly sent balls off the tee that made her the envy of the average man player who was following in the gallery. This strength of Miss Wells's was too much for Mrs. Fox, and caused her in some cases to press. Miss Wells was 1 up at the end of nine holes, but Mrs. Fox squared the match at the 13th. Miss Wells took the 14th in a par 4 and, halving the next three holes, was dormie 1. From the 18th tee she sent off a clean drive, which

practically earned her the hole and the match, for Mrs. Fox topped her ball into the quarry.

The best weather of the week greeted the finalists, Miss Hecker and Miss Wells, and a large gallery turned out to watch the contest. Miss Hecker naturally carried the support of the New Yorkers, as she hails from Apawamis, although practically learning her game at Wee Burn, Stamford, Ct.

Miss Wells, being a Brookline Country Club girl, carried the hopes of the Boston and local end. Both women are good exponents of American golf—Miss Hecker, however, the more experienced and seasoned in tournament play. Miss Wells showed her nervousness at the very outset by pulling her drive, while Miss Hecker got off a very fair ball considering the wind.

Miss Wells continued rather below her best form, while Miss Hecker grew better, and at the turn the Bostonian was no less than 4 down. After that she steadied, but was never able to get back her losses, and Miss Hecker finally won the match and the championship, having her opponent 4 down and 3 to play.

In the driving contest, the women who had

played in the semi-finals were greatly missed, and would have made the competition more interesting. For a time it looked as though Miss Osgood would win it with 169 yards, but Miss Curtis came up to the scratch with a screamer of 184 yards. Miss Phipps of Springfield was third with 165 and Miss Lockwood of Lexington fourth with 164. In the approaching and putting competitions, Mrs. Patterson of Englewood, Miss Osgood of Brooklawn and Miss Bishop of Brookline tied at 18.

## VARDON'S GOLF

EVERY golfer will be interested in the wonderful work that Harry Vardon has recently been doing on the other side of the water. Those familiar with English players and English courses understand how difficult it is to lower an existing record on the course in that country, and will doubly appreciate the work of Vardon at the Edzell Tournament on the Forfarshire course.

As the prize list was liberal in the extreme, the entry included all the best professionals, and the contest was of the greatest interest. The names of the eight men who qualified give one some idea of the playing strength represented on the links that day: Braid, Herd, Jack White, Vardon, Simpson, Taylor, Kinney, and Massey, the French player. A man had to get 151 to qualify, which gives one some idea of the going, especially as the best competition record of the green was beaten by Jack White's 71. When it came to match play, Taylor was forced to face Vardon, and he found Harry at his best. The task was an impossible one even for Taylor, and the following

figures will show what a dreadful time he had of it: Vardon went out in 4, 4, 4, 4, 4, 4, 3, 3, total 33; he came in in 4, 4, 4, 3, 4, 3, 4, 3, total 33; or a grand total of 66.

As one of the best golf writers in England stated it, "one can only stare and stare at this score and pass on without another word, save that there was something almost uncanny about Vardon's golf." These figures defeated Taylor 5 up and 3 to play.

In the next round, Braid was forced to meet the "demon," and he fared as badly as Taylor, being beaten 5 up and 4 to play. Vardon hitting the ball but 68 times.

Herd succeeded in getting into the finals with Vardon, but was defeated,

although Vardon did not go as fast as in the early figures.

When one takes into consideration the strength of the above-named men, and how handily Vardon defeated them with such a low score, we can agree with our English cousins in claiming it uncanny golf.

WALTER CAMP.



Miss Anthony



Miss Vanderhoff



Miss Curtis



Mrs. Manice

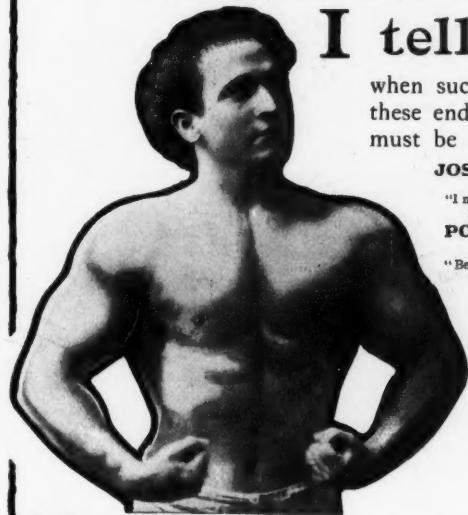


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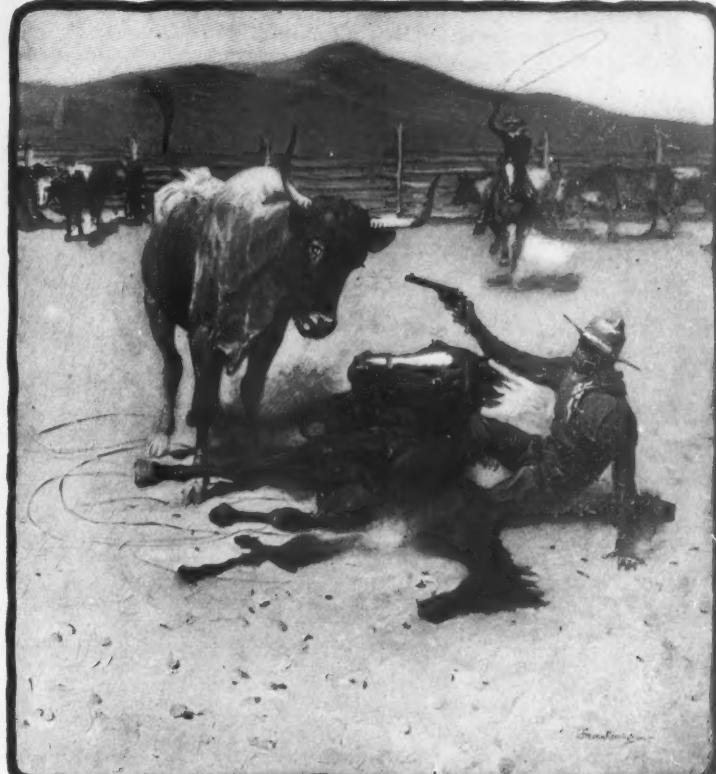
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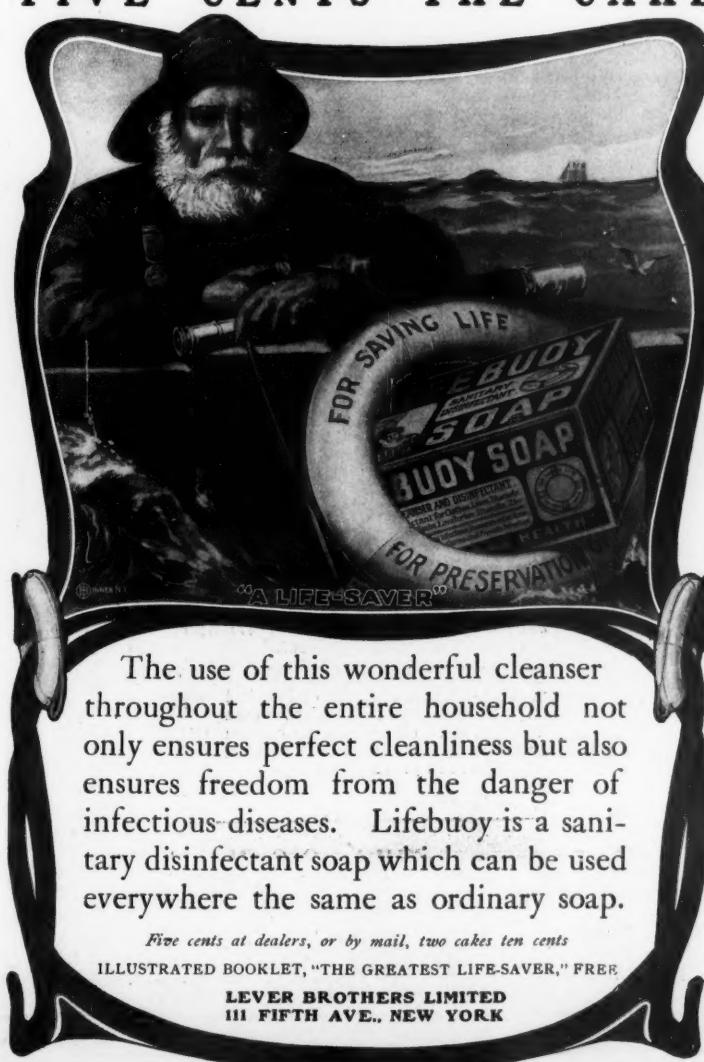
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**ESTABLISHED 1866.**





## THE STONE METHOD

**Mr. Stone's extensive experience with institutions of the highest character better qualifies him than other instructors to teach men and women the science of self-development**

Men in every walk of life should have a keen interest in their physical welfare. Particularly should **Lawyers, Doctors, Bankers, Clergymen, Educators, Merchants** and others of sedentary occupations, look after their physical being. Ten minutes each day devoted to intelligent, systematic, persistent exercise will actually add years to one's life—a benefit which can hardly be measured in dollars and cents.

**The Stone Method** is a system of concentrated exertion, by which more exercise is actually obtained in 10 minutes than by the use of apparatus two hours. **Does not overtax the heart.** The circulation is stimulated, thus relieving that organ instead of giving it more work to do. Our pupils are of **both sexes** and range in age from 5 to 85 years. **The Stone Method** embraces a thorough course of deep breathing without extra expense.

Conscientiously and systematically follow our instructions, and we can promise you a fine, strong, well-developed physique, which bears every evidence of perfect manhood; a clear brain; a light step; a splendid circulation that will make itself known in a ruddy complexion; bright eyes; sound, easy-working lungs, with plenty of room in which to expand; an increased appetite; good digestion; an active liver; sound, restful sleep; a cheerful disposition; an erect carriage. If you are too fat we can reduce your weight to normal, and if you are too thin we can increase your weight to what it should be. In a word, we give you **greater strength, better health, LONGER LIFE.**

We are successfully teaching **The Stone Method** of Scientific Physical Culture to men and women in every part of the world. It requires only 10 minutes each day, in your own room, just before retiring, or upon arising. **No apparatus whatever is required**, and you will be put to no expense aside from our modest fee.

We take into consideration your present condition, occupation, habits, mode of living and object which you wish to attain and give you instructions accordingly. You will follow the instructions one week and then report, stating what the effect has been and what results you have accomplished, when instructions for another week will be sent you, and so on until the course is completed. Your case will be given the same careful consideration as though you were the only pupil.

Every woman has had her expensive experience with drugs for the correction of ills to which the peculiar and delicate female organism is heir. Had she known it, she might have obtained **permanent relief** by devoting only 10 minutes a day to pleasant, healthful exercise, which would have imparted natural strength to every organ, thus enabling them to perform their functions unaided. This is Nature's way and the only means by which **lasting** benefit may be expected.

Proper exercise early in life will prevent and correct stooped shoulders and develop children into strong, healthy, robust men and women. Our breathing exercises will overcome mouth breathing, the cause of chronic Catarrh. Proper exercise will also correct many deformities in children.

Women receive quite as much benefit from **The Stone Method** of Scientific Physical Culture as men. Indeed, it is an open question whether they are not susceptible to greater results. The sedentary life of the average woman would seem to indicate this. About forty per cent. of our pupils are women and the results are most gratifying. No woman desires the same muscular development which she admires in men. In every case we take into consideration the occupation, habits, mode of living, and the object which the pupil desires to attain and give instructions accordingly. We can insure perfect health, a good complexion, and, when desired, an increased chest (or bust) development; we can increase the weight or reduce it; we can fill out those hollow places and give the form that beautiful contour so much desired; we can also reduce the abdomen as surely as day follows night.

We should like to hear from every woman who has enough interest in her health and in her perfect development to read this advertisement. We have some literature and testimonials which we will send FREE for the asking, and we are confident they will prove the superiority of **The Stone Method** over any other system of exercise.

Mr. Stone is the only physical instructor paying special attention to women and children. He is ably assisted in this department by Mrs. Ellen Walker, who has had a very extensive experience, and who alone opens and answers letters of a private nature. Confidential letters may be addressed "Mrs. Ellen Walker, care The Stone School."

**ILLUSTRATED BOOKLETS AND FAC-SIMILE TESTIMONIALS FREE BY MAIL**  
It is impossible, in this limited space, to convey an adequate idea of the importance of **The Stone Method** of Physical Culture in attaining and maintaining perfect development and good health. We have prepared a booklet for men and one for women which explain the system in detail, our plan of mail instruction, etc. These booklets contain many photos from life, showing what others have accomplished by **The Stone Method. SENT FREE BY MAIL.** together with fac-simile testimonials, measurement blanks, etc. Write today. The booklets will prove interesting.

**THE STONE SCHOOL OF PHYSICAL CULTURE**  
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